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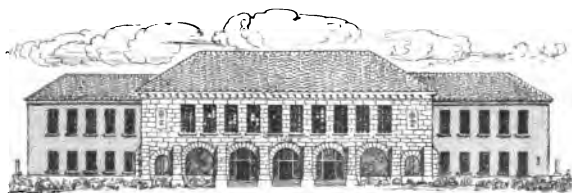
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THE HEATH READERS



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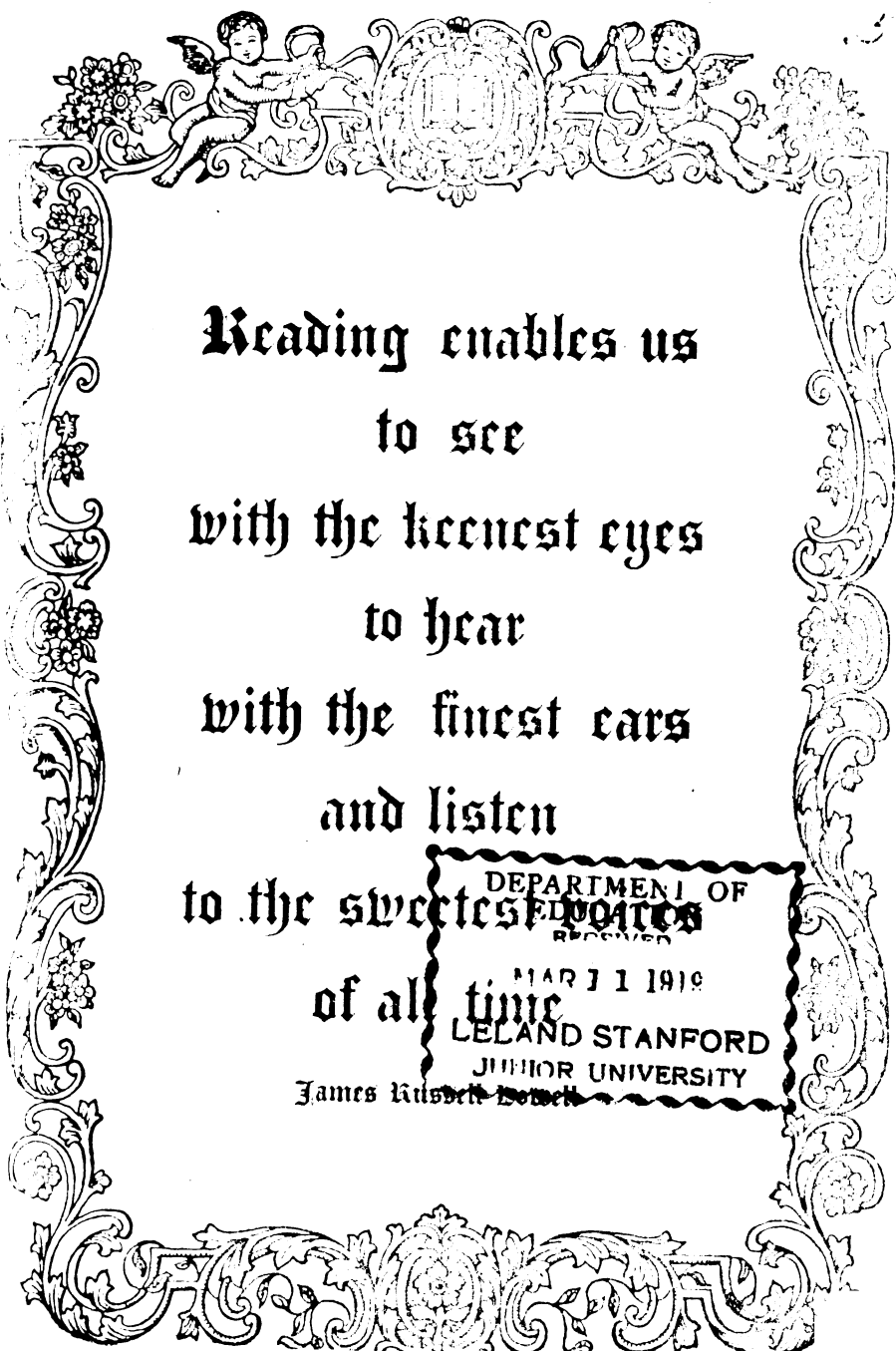
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to hear
with the finest ears
and listen
to the sweetest voices
of all time

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THE HEATH READERS
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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

See page 326.

THE HEATH READERS

FIFTH
READER

“These hoards of wealth you can unlock at will”

— WORDSWORTH

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BOSTON • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LONDON

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PREFACE

THIS book is intended for the use of pupils who have completed the work of the fourth reader grade. Such pupils have mastered most of the mechanical difficulties connected with reading, have acquired a taste for good literature, and are able to read with good expression. It is the purpose of this reader to continue, through the use of appropriate material, the training given in the earlier grades, and to aid in the development of the growing powers of the pupil.

A Fifth Reader should lead boys and girls to a knowledge of the standard literary possessions of intelligent people. It is believed that this book offers unusual facilities of this kind, and in a way that will prove a delight both to teacher and pupil. Prominence has been given in the earlier part of the book to selections that appeal to the interests that are strongest among those who will read the selections for purposes of profit and instruction. At the same time, care has been taken to develop an appreciation of the beauties of form and expression.

There are two principles of grading which should determine the order and development of a reading book. The first is based upon the difficulties of vocabulary and of sentence structure. The second has to do with the difficulties of the subject-matter itself, and with the maturity of mind needful for its appreciation. In grading

the present book both of these principles have been heeded at every step.

There have been provided to accompany each of the selections, a list of the new words, with definitions and synonyms, and such aids to literary appreciation as can profitably be used in school.

As in the earlier books in the Heath Series of Readers, prominence has been given to selections that afford opportunity for training in natural and appropriate vocal expression. Good oral reading need not be one of the lost arts, though it requires careful training and much practice.

The Fifth Reader, like the other books in this series, represents the best thought and skill of a goodly number of persons notable for their success as writers of books for children, their skill as teachers of reading, or their experience in directing those who teach. All of these have worked together upon a well-formed plan that insures unity and definiteness, as well as breadth and flexibility.

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O for a book and a shady nook,
Either indoors or out ;
With the green leaves whispering overhead,
Or the street cries all about.
Where I may read all at my ease
Both of the new and the old ;
For a jolly good book whereon to look
Is better to me than gold.

— *Old English Song.*

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1



FIFTH READER

THE STORY OF THE WILLOW PATTERN

MORE than two hundred years ago, the Dutch merchants brought from China a number of remarkable specimens of porcelain. Among these were tea-sets of a bluish white ground, with landscapes and figures in dark blue. A prominent object in the design was a willow tree; and the Chinese willow pattern soon became the favorite.

Many old people can remember that, when they were little children, they used to sit at their grandmothers' tables and study the blue cups and saucers and plates, wondering what the pictures meant, or inventing stories of their own to suit them. Most children, no doubt, fancied that China was a strange country, where trees and birds, houses and people, were altogether different from our own. A bright lady wrote:—

“The color of the country is a kind of dirty blue,
With chaotic land and water here and there appearing through;
Interspersed with funny bridges, and paths that seem to glide
To very funny houses upon the other side.
There are frightful flowers growing upside down and inside out,
Trees with caterpillars laden, — some with roots and some with-
out.”

This strange Chinese picture has a meaning, and is not a mere muddle, as our grandmothers may have thought. On the right of the plate is a lordly mandarin's country house, in the garden by the side of a river. The house is two stories high, and has a tea pavilion in front, all of which shows the rank and wealth of the mandarin. In the garden is a tree with mulberries on it, and another full of oranges, to show what a fruitful garden it is.

Around the estate is a bamboo fence, and spanning the river is a bridge. Behind the house is a little gardener's cottage, to show how poor and humble the gardener is. In another poor house, on an island in the river, lives the young gardener's mother. On the bridge is the gardener and the mandarin's daughter, and behind them comes the mandarin himself with a long whip. Last of all, there is the mournful willow tree, and in the air a pair of turtle-doves with joined beaks. The story connecting all these figures is as follows:—

Long ago, when the moon was young, there lived an illustrious mandarin, who had an only daughter, named Li-Chi, more beautiful than all the stars of heaven. Her father intended her to marry some great and rich noble like himself, and kept her shut up in his country palace in the midst of a beautiful garden, walled in with a high bamboo fence. The gardener was a young man named Chang, who was so handsome, with his almond-shaped eyes, his shin-

ing skin, and his slender pigtail, that the fair Li-Chi, peeping through her bamboo lattice and seeing him at work, straightway fell in love with him.

So one day, when he was training some roses near her window, she looked out and slyly dropped at his feet a choice sweetmeat, in return for which he climbed the lattice and stuck a rose through the slats. That night when he went to see his mother, who lived on an island in the river, he told her of his adventures, and bewailed his ill luck because, as a humble gardener, he could never hope to marry the lordly mandarin's beautiful daughter. But the mother, who was a shrewd woman, told him to pluck up courage, for Li-Chi might even yet be his wife.

Now his mother reared silk-worms on her little island, and spun silk for the mandarin's daughter. The next time that she carried this silk to the fair lady, she told her quietly that the gardener worshipped her shadow and kissed the very tracks which her little feet had left on the garden walks.

And so in time a plan was arranged whereby Li-Chi was on a certain night to run away with her lover—being sure to bring with her a box full of her father's gold and jewels, in order that they might all live together in comfort. The mother would hide the maiden and the money in her hut on the island, where none would ever dream of looking for them; and the mandarin should be

made to believe that a robber had stolen the money, and that his daughter had drowned herself.

This plan was so far carried out that the lovers succeeded in escaping unseen through the garden and to the bridge, bearing between them, suspended on a stout bamboo pole, a casket full of gold and jewels. But it happened that just as they stepped upon the bridge, at the other end of which Chang's mother awaited them, the illustrious mandarin awakened from his sleep.

He turned his face to the open doorway, and saw his only daughter running away with the gardener and his own box of money! Seizing a stout whip, the mandarin rushed after the couple, and, overtaking them on the bridge, grasped Chang by his pigtail, twisted it around his throat, beat him until he was senseless, and ended by throwing him off the bridge into the river, where he immediately sank.

When poor Li-Chi saw her lover's cruel fate, she at once sprang into the water after him, and was drowned with him. Strange to say, the bodies could never be found; but near the spot where they sank, a beautiful willow tree sprang up by magic. It stretched its drooping arms above the water, and sighed night and day a mournful dirge for the departed lovers. In its branches, after a few days, a couple of turtle-doves appeared, and built a nest, and there they would bill and coo the

•

livelong day. For the souls of the unfortunate lovers had taken the shape of doves (so the fable tells), and thus found the happiness they had longed for but lost.

<p>por'ce lain, a fine kind of earthenware or china.</p> <p>cha ot'ic, confused; mingled in disorder.</p>	<p>in ter spered', having things set or scattered here and there among other things.</p> <p>man da rin', a Chinese nobleman.</p>
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THE CHILD¹

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

HE owns the bird-songs of the hills —
 The laughter of the April rills;
 And his are all the diamonds set
 In Morning's dewy coronet, —
 And his the Dusk's first minted stars
 That twinkle through the pasture bars,
 And litter all the skies at night
 With glittering scraps of silver light; —
 The rainbow's bar, from rim to rim,
 In beaten gold, belongs to him.

<p>cor'o net, a crown, worn by those of lower rank than kings.</p>	<p>mint'ed here means formed or fashioned.</p>
---	---

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY was born in Indiana in 1852. Many of his best poems are upon childhood and nature.

¹ From Riley's "Child Rhymes," by permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

TWO STORIES FROM THE RABBIS

ABRAM S. ISAACS

I

GREAT was the alarm in the palace of Rome, which soon spread throughout the entire city. The Empress had lost her costly diadem, and it could not be found. They searched in every direction, but it was all in vain. Half distracted, for the mishap boded no good to her or her house, the Empress redoubled her exertions to regain her precious possession, but without result.

As a last resource it was proclaimed in the public streets: "The Empress has lost a priceless diadem. Whoever restores it within thirty days shall receive a princely reward. But he who delays, and brings it after thirty days, shall lose his head."

In those times men of all nations flocked toward Rome; all classes and creeds could be met in its stately halls and crowded streets. Among the rest was a rabbi, a learned sage from the East, who loved goodness, and lived a righteous life, in the stir and turmoil of the western world.

It chanced one night as he was strolling up and down, in busy meditation, beneath the clear, moonlit sky, he saw the diadem sparkling at his feet. He seized it quickly, brought it to his dwelling, where he guarded it carefully until the thirty days

had expired, when he resolved to return it to the owner.

He went to the palace, and, undismayed at sight of long lines of soldiers and officials, asked for an audience with the Empress.

"What dost thou mean by this?" she inquired, when he told her his story and gave her the diadem. "Why didst thou delay until this hour? Dost thou know the penalty? Thy head must be forfeited."

"I delayed until now," the rabbi answered calmly, "so that thou mightest know that I return thy diadem, not for the sake of the reward, still less out of fear of punishment; but solely to comply with the divine command not to withhold from another the property which belongs to him."

"Blessed be thy God!" the Empress answered, and dismissed the rabbi without further reproof; for had he not done right for right's sake?

II

In an Eastern city a lovely garden flourished, whose beauty and luxuriance awakened much admiration. It was the owner's greatest pleasure to watch its growth, as leaf, flower, and tree seemed daily to unfold to brighter bloom. One morning, while taking his usual stroll through the well-kept paths, he was surprised to find that some blossoms were picked to pieces. The next day he noticed more signs of mischief, and rendered thus more

observant, he gave himself no rest until he had discovered the culprit.

It was a little trembling bird, whom he managed to capture, and was about to kill in his anger, when it exclaimed: "Do not kill me, I beg you, kind sir. I am only a wee, tiny bird. My flesh is too little to satisfy you. I would not furnish one-hundredth of a meal to a man of your size. Let me go free, and I will teach you something that will be of much use to you and your friends."

"I would dearly like to put an end to you," replied the man, "for you were rapidly putting an end to my garden. It is a good thing to rid the world of such annoyances. But as I am not revengeful, and am always glad to learn something useful, I shall set you free this time." And he opened his hand to give the bird more air.

"Attention!" cried the bird. "Here are three rules which should guide you through life, and if you observe them you will find your path made easier. Do not cry over spilt milk, do not desire what is unattainable, and do not believe what is impossible."

The man was satisfied with the advice, and let the bird escape; but it had scarcely regained its liberty, when from a high tree it exclaimed: —

"What a silly man! The idea of letting me escape! If you only knew what you have lost! But it is too late now."

"What have I lost?" the man asked angrily.

"Why, if you had killed me, as you intended, you would have found inside of me a huge pearl, as large as a goose's egg, and you would have been a wealthy man forever."

"Dear little bird," the man said in his blandest tones; "sweet little bird, I will not harm you. Only come down to me, and I will treat you as if you were my own child, and will give you fruit and flowers all day. I assure you of this most sacredly."

But the bird shook its head sagely, and replied: "What a silly man, to forget so soon the advice which was given him. I told you not to cry over spilt milk, and here you are, worrying over what has happened. I urged you not to desire the unattainable, and now you wish to capture me again. And finally, I asked you not to believe what is impossible, and you are rashly imagining that I have a huge pearl inside of me, when a goose's egg is larger than my whole body. You ought to learn your lessons better in the future, if you would become wise," added the bird, as with another twist of its head it flew away, and was lost in the distance.

di'a dem, a crown.

re source', that which one may rely upon for aid.

med i ta'tion, continued thought.

rab'bi, a Jewish doctor, or expounder of the law; a wise man.

lux u'ri ance, rich growth.

ur'at tain'a ble, impossible to get.

ABRAM S. ISAACS was born in New York in 1852, and is an author, editor, and college professor.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE BED

CHARLES KINGSLEY

The following selection is a part of the story of the ancient hero Theseus. As a boy he dwelt with his mother in a city in the far East, until the day came when he proved himself strong enough to lift a certain large stone which she pointed out to him. Under the stone he found a sword and a pair of sandals which his father had left there when he went away to be king of distant Athens. Equipped with the sword and sandals, Theseus set out for his father's kingdom. The story of An Uncomfortable Bed describes one of the many adventures which Theseus met by the way.

As Theseus was skirting the valley along the foot of a lofty mountain, a very tall and strong man came down to meet him, dressed in rich garments. On his arms were golden bracelets, and round his neck a collar of jewels. He came forward, bowing courteously, held out both his hands, and spoke: —

“Welcome, fair youth, to these mountains; happy am I to have met you! For what is greater pleasure to a good man than to entertain strangers? But I see that you are weary. Come up to my castle, and rest yourself awhile.”

“I give you thanks,” said Theseus; “but I am in haste to go up the valley.”

“Alas! you have wandered far from the right way, and you cannot reach the end of the valley to-night, for there are many miles of mountain between you and it, and steep passes, and cliffs dan-

gerous after nightfall. It is well for you that I met you, for my whole joy is to find strangers, and to feast them at my castle, and hear tales from them of foreign lands. Come up with me and eat the best of venison, and drink the rich red wine, and sleep upon my famous bed, of which all travellers say that they never saw the like. For whatsoever the stature of my guest, however tall or short, that bed fits him to a hair, and he sleeps on it as he never slept before."

And he laid hold on Theseus's hands, and would not let him go.

Theseus wished to go forward, but he was ashamed to seem churlish to so hospitable a man; and he was curious to see that wondrous bed; and besides, he was hungry and weary. Yet he shrank from the man, he knew not why; for though his voice was gentle and fawning, it was dry and husky, and though his eyes were gentle, they were dull and cold like stones. But he consented, and went with the man up a glen which led from the road, under the dark shadow of the cliffs.

As they went up, the glen grew narrower, and the cliffs higher and darker, and beneath them a torrent roared, half seen between bare limestone crags. Around them was neither tree nor bush, while from the white peaks of the mountain the snow-blasts swept down the glen, cutting and chilling, till a horror fell on Theseus as he looked round at that

doleful place. He said at last, "Your castle stands, it seems, in a dreary region."

"Yes; but once within it, hospitality makes all things cheerful. But who are these?" and he looked back, and Theseus also. Far below, along the road which they had left, came a string of laden beasts, and merchants walking by them.

"Ah, poor souls!" said the stranger. "Well for them that I looked back and saw them! And well for me too, for I shall have the more guests at my feast. Wait awhile till I go down and call them, and we will eat and drink together the livelong night. Happy am I, to whom Heaven sends so many guests at once!"

He ran back down the hill, waving his hand and shouting to the merchants, while Theseus went slowly up the steep path. But as he went up he met an aged man, who had been gathering driftwood in the torrent bed. He had laid down his fagot in the road, and was trying to lift it again to his shoulder. When he saw Theseus, he called to him and said:—

"O fair youth, help me up with my burden, for my limbs are stiff and weak with years."

Then Theseus lifted the burden on his back. The old man blessed him, and then looked earnestly upon him and said:—

"Who are you, fair youth, and wherefore travel you this doleful road?"

“Who I am my parents know; but I travel this doleful road because I have been invited by a hospitable man, who promises to feast me and to make me sleep upon I know not what wondrous bed.”

Then the old man clapped his hands together and cried:—

“Know, fair youth, that you are going to torment and to death, for he who met you (I will requite your kindness by another) is a robber and a murderer of men. Whatsoever stranger he meets he entices him hither to death; and as for this bed of which he speaks, truly it fits all comers, yet none ever rose alive off it save me.”

“Why?” asked Theseus, astonished.

“Because, if a man be too tall for it, he lops his limbs till they be short enough, and if he be too short, he stretches his limbs till they be long enough; but me only he spared, seven weary years ago, for I alone of all fitted his bed exactly, so he spared me, and made me his slave. Once I was a wealthy merchant, and dwelt in a great city; but now I hew wood and draw water for him, the tormentor of all mortal men.”

Then Theseus said nothing; but he ground his teeth together.

“Escape, then,” said the old man, “for he will have no pity on thy youth. But yesterday he brought up hither a young man and a maiden, and fitted them upon his bed; and the young man’s

hands and feet he cut off, but the maiden's limbs he stretched until she died, and so both perished miserably—but I am tired of weeping over the slain. He is called Procrustes, the stretcher. Flee from him; yet whither will you flee? The cliffs are steep, and who can climb them? and there is no other road."

But Theseus laid his hand upon the old man's mouth, and said, "There is no need to flee;" and he turned to go down the pass.

"Do not tell him that I have warned you, or he will kill me by some evil death," the old man screamed after him down the glen; but Theseus strode on in his wrath.

He said to himself, "This is an ill-ruled land. When shall I have done ridding it of monsters?" As he spoke, Procrustes came up the hill, and all the merchants with him, smiling and talking gayly. When he saw Theseus, he cried, "Ah, fair young guest, have I kept you too long waiting?"

But Theseus answered, "The man who stretches his guests upon a bed and hews off their hands and feet, what shall be done to him, when right is done throughout the land?"

Then the countenance of Procrustes changed, and his cheeks grew as green as a lizard, and he felt for his sword in haste. But Theseus leaped on him, and cried:—

"Is this true, my host, or is it false?" and he

clasped Procrustes around waist and elbow, so that he could not draw his sword.

"Is this true, my host, or is it false?" But Procrustes answered never a word.

Then Theseus flung him from him, and lifted up his dreadful club; and before Procrustes could strike him, he had struck and felled him to the ground. And once again he struck him; and his evil soul fled forth, and went down into the depths squeaking, like a bat into the darkness of a cave.

Then Theseus stripped him of his gold ornaments, and went up to his house, and found there great wealth and treasure, which he had stolen from the passers-by. And he called the people of the country, whom Procrustes had spoiled a long time, and divided the treasure among them, and went down the mountains, and away.

cour'te ous ly, politely.
churl'ish, rude; unyielding.
re quite', to repay.

fag'ot, bundle of wood.
en tice', to persuade by deceit.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875) was an English poet and novelist. Among his best books for young people are "The Water Babies," and "The Heroes," from the latter of which this selection is taken. His most popular novel is "Hypatia."

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again, —
 The eternal years of God are hers;
 But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
 And dies among his worshippers.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

TO-DAY

THOMAS CARLYLE

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity,
At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881) was a famous Scotch writer. He believed with all his might in honesty, truth, and courage, and in his writings tried to make others believe as he did. He wrote poems, essays, lives of great men, and history. One of his best books for young people is that on "Heroes and Hero-Worship."

THE LOCKSMITH OF THE GOLDEN KEY

CHARLES DICKENS

FROM the workshop of the Golden Key there issued forth a tinkling sound, so merry and good-humored, that it suggested the idea of some one working blithely, and made quite pleasant music. *Tink, tink, tink*—clear as a silver bell, and audible at every pause of the street's harsher noises, as though it said, "I don't care; nothing puts me out; I am resolved to be happy."

Women scolded, children squalled, heavy carts went rumbling by, horrible cries proceeded from the lungs of hawkers. Still it struck in again, no higher, no lower, no louder, no softer; not thrusting itself on people's notice a bit the more for having been outdone by louder sounds—*tink, tink, tink, tink, tink*.

It was a perfect embodiment of the still small voice, free from all cold, hoarseness, huskiness, or unhealthiness of any kind. Foot-passengers slackened their pace, and were disposed to linger near it. Neighbors who had got up splenetic that morning felt good humor stealing on them as they heard it, and by degrees became quite sprightly. Mothers danced their babies to its ringing—still the same magical *tink, tink, tink*, came gayly from the workshop of the Golden Key.

Who but the locksmith could have made such music? A gleam of sun, shining through the unsashed window, and checkering the dark workshop with a broad patch of light, fell full upon him, as though attracted by his sunny heart. There he stood, working at his anvil, his face radiant with exercise and gladness — the easiest, freest, happiest man in all the world.

Beside him sat a sleek cat, purring and winking in the light, and falling every now and then into an idle doze, as from excess of comfort. The very locks that hung around had something jovial in their rust, and seemed like gouty old gentlemen of hearty natures, disposed to joke on their infirmities.

There was nothing surly or severe in the whole scene. It seemed impossible that any one of the innumerable keys could fit a churlish strong-box or a prison-door. Storehouses of good things, rooms where there were fires, books, gossip, and cheering laughter — these were their proper sphere of action. Places of distrust and cruelty and restraint they would have quadruple locked forever.

Tink, tink, tink. No man who hammered on at a dull, monotonous duty could have brought such cheerful notes from steel and iron; none but a chirping, healthy, honest-hearted fellow, who made the best of everything, and felt kindly toward everybody, could have done it for an instant. He



THE SHOP OF THE GOLDEN KEY

might have been a coppersmith, and still been musical. If he had sat in a jolting wagon, full of rods of iron, it seemed as if he would have brought some harmony out of it.

hawk'er, a street pedler.

au'di ble, loud enough to be heard.

em bod'i ment, representation, in one body.

splen'et ic, fretful; ill-tempered.

quad'ru ple locked, locked four times over.

mo not'on ous, unchanging, and so, tiresome.

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870) was a great English novelist. He often wrote in such a way as to help make life more pleasant for the poor and the unfortunate. "The Christmas Carol," "Oliver Twist," and "David Copperfield" are much read by young people. The extract given above is from "Barnaby Rudge."

SEPTEMBER

GEORGE ARNOLD

SWEET is the voice that calls
 From babbling waterfalls
 In meadows where the downy seeds are flying;
 And soft the breezes blow,
 And eddying come and go,
 In faded gardens where the rose is dying.

Among the stubbled corn
 The blithe quail pipes at morn,
 The merry partridge drums in hidden places;
 And glittering insects gleam
 Above the reedy stream
 Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.

At eve, cool shadows fall
 Across the garden wall,
 And on the clustered grapes to purple turning;
 And pearly vapors lie
 Along the eastern sky,
 Where the broad harvest moon is redly burning.

Ah, soon on field and hill
 The wind shall whistle chill,
 And patriarch swallows call their flocks together,
 To fly from frost and snow,
 And seek for lands where blow
 The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.

The pollen-dusted bees
 Search for the honey-lees
 That linger in the last flowers of September;
 While plaintive mourning doves
 Coo sadly to their loves
 Of the dead summer they so well remember.

The cricket chirps all day,
 "O fairest Summer, stay!"
 The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts browning;
 The wildfowl fly afar
 Above the foamy bar,
 And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

pa'triarch, the father and ruler of a family. | lees, that which lies settled at the bottom.
 a skance', with a side glance.

GEORGE ARNOLD (1834-1865) was an American poet.

THE BOOK FAIRIES

BEATRICE HARRADEN

"I do believe I went to sleep over that long-division sum," said Beryl, as she took up her pen, and tried to go on with her work. "Sums are sleepy things, to be sure."

She screwed her little lips together, and tried very hard to make nine go into twenty-one four times, with no remainder.

"I think that's not quite right," she said to Arabella Stuart, who sat propped up against the dictionary.

"I should think it wasn't!" said a sharp voice.

Beryl looked up, and saw that her arithmetic and her grammar were wide open, and that a number of little people had crept out of the leaves, and were trying to pull off the brown paper covers, which Beryl had stitched on so carefully.

"Beryl," they said, "don't ever put brown paper covers on your books. Fairies don't like it. When you see a brown paper cover torn, you may be quite sure that the fairies have been at work. Naturally enough, too! For how would you like to be covered with brown paper?"

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," said Beryl, sadly. "I never knew till a few minutes ago that fairies lived in books. Pray tell me who are you."

"We are the arithmetic-fairies," said the little gentleman who had reproved her. "And those grave-looking persons yonder are the grammar-fairies."

"How do you do, Beryl?" said the grammar-fairies, advancing toward her in an orderly procession.

"Won't you break your ranks," said Beryl, "and come and sit down a little while? You look tired," she said, addressing a pale little lady; "pray sit down."

"No, thank you, dear," said the pale little lady; "and besides, I must not leave my place, for I am a preposition-fairy; and you know it is my duty to go before the noun."

"So it is," said Beryl; "but I thought you might make an exception to the rule this time, as you've come to visit me. Do you always have to observe grammar rules, even in holiday-time?"

"Well," said some of the grammar-fairies to each other, "suppose we do let the rules take care of themselves to-day in honor of Beryl. She's not particular, you know. Let all who agree, hold up their right hands."

All the verbs, and adverbs, and prepositions, and adjectives, held up their right hands, but the conjunctions were a little sulky.

"Don't take any notice of the conjunctions," said the others. "They are always disagreeable, and never will join in any fun."

"Please, conjunction-fairies," pleaded Beryl, smiling, "do say 'yes.'"

No one could resist Beryl when she smiled, and so the conjunction-fairies agreed with the others, that all rules should be abolished, for that evening at least. And you would have been amazed to see what a terrible confusion took place among the grammar-fairies. The adjectives danced with the verbs, and the adverbs played leap-frog with the nouns, and the prepositions, who are never allowed to be together, joined hands, and skipped about, singing louder than any yellow canary bird.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" they cried; "isn't it pleasant not to be in a sentence? I suppose you never have been in a grammar sentence, Beryl?"

"No," said Beryl, laughing.

"Well," said the arithmetic-fairies, in astonishment, "we should not have believed that the grammar-fairies could have been such good companions. But we are really glad of it; for we had a message by the telephone from the history-fairies, saying that you wished to see us. So of course, having come here, we ought all to make ourselves agreeable to our big hostess."

"I think, Beryl dear," said a little arithmetic-fairy, sitting down on her long-division sum, "that you've made a little mistake in your work. I'll just correct that mistake.

"Here was your fault, Beryl," he said. "You

ought to know your multiplication-table better. Now, if you like, we'll tell you a little about book-life."

"I shall be so very much obliged," said Beryl, eagerly.

"You know we are the book fairies," said the fairy. "We live in dictionaries, and grammars, and spelling-books, and poetry, and geography books, and story-books of all kinds, and when we are tired of one book, we march into another book. Sometimes, though, we are shut up for years in great book-cases, and no one takes us out, and no one cares about us; and what do you think we do then?"

"I can't imagine," said Beryl, who was listening eagerly.

"Well," continued the fairy, "when we cannot bear it any longer, we bore little holes from one book to another, right through all the leaves, and right through the covers; tiny holes, you know, but quite big enough for us to get through."

"How strange!" said Beryl. "I have seen that sort of holes, but I always thought they were made by book-worms, not by book fairies."

The fairies laughed.

"Really, what stupid mistakes you mortals do make!" they said. "There are no such things as book-worms."

"Once," continued the little arithmetic-fairy, "we were shut up in a Greek dictionary, and we were so

tired of being there, year after year, that one day we began boring, just as you mortals bore a tunnel. We passed through all manner of books, and the inhabitants of each book asked us to stop, and make our home with them. 'There is plenty of room,' some of them said; 'you see how very wide the margins are.'

"At last we came to a lovely old poetry-book, full of the most beautiful poems and of the sweetest thoughts, and we stopped there. We felt that we could not possibly find a more beautiful land. It was worth all the trouble of going the distance, to live in so lovely a book as that."

"Was the binding very beautiful?" asked Beryl.

"Yes," answered the fairy. "It was the handsomest book I ever lived in — not that I am at all particular about the binding. It had a gilt border stamped on it. No one ever took the trouble to open that book-case, until one day a little girl came into the library. She jumped upon a chair, opened the case, and said:—

"'Poor dear books, how dusty you all are! I shall go and get a duster and clean you up.'

"Then she ran out of the room, and, after a few minutes, came back with two great dusters. She tucked up her sleeves and pinned up her white dress, and set to work in real earnest. She took us down so tenderly, one by one."

"How nice of her!" said Beryl.

"And," continued the fairy, "she panted dreadfully over some of the large books, and we did not think her little arms were strong enough to carry them; but she managed wonderfully. And she talked to us all the time, having guessed, of course, that we were real persons. She used to say, 'Dear, dear books, to think that no one comes to see you, except myself! How lonely you must be! Never mind, you shall be my playmates. I shall come and spend all my spare hours with you.'"

"And did she?" said Beryl.

"Yes," said the fairy, "and when we heard her turn the key of the book-case, we were happy, because we loved being with her. There was something so sympathetic about her. She did not always read us, you know. She built houses with us, and beautiful castles, and we let her do whatever she liked, for we loved to feel the touch of her hands. Every day became a pleasure to us, because we knew we should see our dear little girl-friend."

"Did you ever speak to her?" asked Beryl.

"Sometimes," said the fairy, "we spoke to her at dusk. We told her that we should be her friends all through her life; and you know, Beryl, they say that books are the best friends one can have. She was very wise, too, for we helped her to become clever. When you hear of people being clever, you may know that it is because the book fairies love them."

"By the way, dear," said the fairies, "don't ever turn down the leaves of your book, because you might squash a fairy, and that is the one thing from which fairies never recover — being squashed. I myself had a narrow escape the other day, in your arithmetic book. You turned down one of the pages of the chapter marked 'long division,' and you nearly squashed my left arm. Fortunately we have a very good doctor, and he dressed it for me at once."

"Oh, I am sorry," said Beryl. "I'll never turn down another leaf. Do tell me whether you suffered much pain from your arm."

"It's quite well now," he said cheerily; "fairies' wounds do not take long to heal; and as for being angry with you, Beryl, why, it is not to be expected that you should know all these things by yourself."

<p>prep o sition, a word which relates a noun to some other word. <i>In, by,</i> and <i>to</i> are prepositions.</p> <p>con junc'tion, a word which joins two parts of a sentence. <i>And</i> and <i>but</i> are conjunctions.</p>	<p>ad'jec tives, adjectives are words which tell what kind: like <i>good, poor, white</i>; or which ones and how many: <i>one, two, this, these</i>.</p> <p>sym pa thet'ic, full of pity.</p>
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BEATRICE HARRADEN, born in England in 1864, has written several good novels and some excellent books for children.

LOST, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward offered, for they are gone forever.

— HORACE MANN.

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII

CHARLES KINGSLEY

VOLCANOES can never be trusted. No one knows when one will break out, or what it will do; and those who live close to them — as the city of Naples is close to Mount Vesuvius — must not be astonished if they are blown up or swallowed, as that great and beautiful city of Naples may be without a warning, any day.

For what happened to that same Mount Vesuvius about eighteen hundred years ago in the old Roman times? For ages and ages it had been lying quiet, like any other hill. Beautiful cities were built at its foot — cities filled with people who were as handsome and as comfortable and, I am afraid, as wicked as any people ever were on earth. Fair gardens, vineyards, and olive yards covered the mountain slopes. The region was held to be one of the paradises of the world.

As for the mountain's being a volcano, who ever thought of that? To be sure, the top of it was a great round crater, or cup, a mile or more across, and a few hundred yards deep. But that was all overgrown with bushes and wild vines full of deer and other wild animals. What sign of fire was there in that? To be sure, also, there was an ugly place below, by the seashore, where smoke and brimstone

came out of the ground; and a lake called Avernus, over which poisonous gases hung. But what of that? It had never harmed any one, and how could it harm them?

So they all lived on, merrily and happily enough, till the year 79 A.D. At that time there was stationed in the Bay of Naples a Roman admiral, called Pliny, who was also a very studious and learned man, and author of a famous old book on natural history. He was staying on shore with his sister; and as he sat in his study, she called him out to see a strange cloud which had been hanging for some time over the top of Mount Vesuvius. It was in shape just like a pine tree; not, of course, like the pines which grow in this country, but like an Italian stone pine, with a long straight stem and a flat parasol-shaped top.

Sometimes it was blackish, sometimes spotted; and the good Admiral Pliny, who was always curious about natural science, ordered his rowboat and went away across the bay to see what it could be. Earthquake shocks had been very common for the last few days, but I do not suppose that Pliny thought that the earthquakes and the cloud had anything to do with each other. However, he soon found out that they had; and to his cost.

When he was near the opposite shore, some of the sailors met him and begged him to turn back. Cinders and pumice-stones were falling down from

the sky, and flames were breaking out of the mountain above. But Pliny would go on: he said that if people were in danger, it was his duty to help them; and that he must see this strange cloud, and note down the different shapes into which it changed.

But the hot ashes fell faster and faster; the sea ebbed out suddenly, and almost left them on the beach; and Pliny turned away toward a place called Stabiae, to the house of an old friend who was just going to escape in a boat. Brave Pliny told him not to be afraid; ordered his bath like a true Roman gentleman, and then went in to dinner with a cheerful face.

Flames came down from the mountain, nearer and nearer as the night drew on; but Pliny persuaded his friend that they were only fires in some villages from which the peasants had fled; and then went to bed and slept soundly. However, in the middle of the night, they found the courtyard being fast filled with cinders, and if they had not awakened the admiral in time, he would never have been able to get out of the house.

The earthquake shocks grew stronger and fiercer, till the house was ready to fall; and Pliny and his friend, and the sailors and the slaves, all fled into the open fields, having pillows over their heads to prevent their being beaten down by the great showers of stones and cinders which were falling.

By this time, day had come, but not the dawn : for it was still pitch dark. They went down to their boats upon the shore ; but the sea raged so horribly that there was no getting on board.

Then Pliny grew tired and made his men spread a sail for him that he might lie down upon it. But suddenly there came down upon them a rush of flames and a strong smell of sulphur, and all ran for their lives.

Some of the slaves tried to help the admiral ; but he sank down again, overpowered by the brimstone fumes, and so was left behind. When they came back again, there he lay dead, but with his clothes in order, and his face as quiet as if he had been only sleeping. And that was the end of a brave and learned man, a martyr to duty and to the love of science.

But what was going on in the meantime ? Under clouds of ashes, cinders, mud, lava, three of those happy cities — Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabiæ — were buried at once. They were buried just as the people had fled from them, leaving the furniture and the earthenware, often even jewels and gold behind, and here and there a human being who had not had time to escape from the dreadful rain of ashes and dust.

The ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii have been dug into since, and partly uncovered ; and the paintings, especially in Pompeii, are found upon the

walls still fresh, preserved from the air by the ashes which have covered them. At Naples there is a famous museum containing the curiosities which have been dug out of the ruined cities; and one can walk along the streets in Pompeii and see the wheel tracks in the pavement along which carts and chariots rolled two thousand years ago.

And what had become of Vesuvius, the treacherous mountain? Half, or more than half, of the side of the old crater had been blown away; and what was left stands in a half circle round the new cone and the new crater, which is burning at this very day. True, after that eruption which killed Pliny, Vesuvius fell asleep again, and did not awake for one hundred and thirty-four years, and then slept again for two hundred and sixty-nine years; but it has been growing more and more restless as the ages have passed on, and now hardly a year passes without its sending out smoke and stones from its crater, and streams of lava from its sides.

Ve su'vi us, a volcano, or burning mountain, in Italy, near the Bay of Naples.

brim'stone, sulphur.

A ver'nus, a lake ten miles west of Naples, in Italy.

A.D., *Anno Domini*, used with dates, meaning so many years after the birth of Christ.

Plin'y, a Roman admiral and author.

Her cu la'ne um, a town east of Naples, on the bay, and at the foot of Mount Vesuvius.

Pom pe'ii (-pay'ye), a town eight miles southeast of Herculaneum.

Sta'bi æ (-ee), a town southwest of Pompeii.

pum'ice-stone, a volcanic stone full of pores and very light.

HABIT, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.

ODE ON SOLITUDE

ALEXANDER POPE

HAPPY the man whose wish and care

A few paternal acres bound,

Content to breathe his native air

In his own ground:

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,

Whose flocks supply him with attire;

Whose trees in summer yield him shade,

In winter fire:

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find

Hours, days, and years slide soft away;

In health of body, peace of mind,

Quiet by day:

Sound sleep by night, study and ease,

Together mixed, sweet recreation;

And innocence, which most does please,

With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;

Thus, unlamented, let me die,

Steal from the world, and not a stone

Tell where I lie.

pa ter'nal, received from a father. | **un con cerned'**, not troubled.

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744) was the most popular English poet of the eighteenth century. His "Essay on Man" and his translation of Homer's "Iliad" are among his best works.

DON QUIXOTE AND THE WINDMILLS

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

Don Quixote (Kee ho'te) is the hero of a Spanish romance. He has read so many tales of daring, and is so delighted with them, that he sets forth with his attendant, Sancho (San'ko) Panza, in search of adventures, with very amusing results. His head is so filled with the exaggerated stories that he has read that he imagines the simplest things to be quite other than they are.

As they were thus talking, they discovered some thirty or forty windmills in the plain. As soon as the knight saw them he cried, "Fortune directs our affairs better than we could have wished. Look yonder, Sancho, there are at least thirty monstrous giants, whom I intend to encounter. Having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils, for they are lawful prize, and the destruction of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to heaven."

"What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long extended arms; some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size that sometimes they reach two leagues in length."

"Pray look better, sir," quoth Sancho. "Those things yonder are not giants, but windmills, and the arms are their sails, which, being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go."

"'Tis a sign," cried Don Quixote, "that thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore, if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in combat with them all."

This said, he clapped spurs to his horse, without giving ear to his squire, who bawled out to him, and assured him that they were windmills, and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong belief to the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire, nor did he perceive what they were, although he was already very near them.

"Stand, cowards!" cried he as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all."

The wind now rising, began to move the mill-sails; whereupon Don Quixote cried out, "Base miscreants, though you move more arms than the Giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance."

He most devoutly recommended himself to his Lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure. So, covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at, and as he ran his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and



DON QUIXOTE AND THE WINDMILLS

horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Panza ran as fast as his donkey could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir.

"Did not I give your worship fair warning?" cried he; "did not I tell you they were windmills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?"

"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "there is nothing so subject to the fickleness of fortune as war."

"So let it be," replied Sancho.

And, heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, who was half disjointed with his fall.

league, about three miles.

ig no'ble, of low birth.

mis'cre ant, a villain; an unbeliever.

Giant Bri a're us, a fabled monster with a hundred arms.

ar'ro gance, contempt of others.

Lady Dul cin'e a, the lady to whom

Don Quixote had pledged his devotion as a knight.

couch, to lower to the position of attack.

Roz i nan'te, the knight's horse.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES (1547-1616) was one of the greatest writers in all Spanish literature.

SLOTH makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he who rises late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night, while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.

— BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

A SONG OF AUTUMN¹

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

TIME of crisp and tawny leaves,
And of tarnished harvest sheaves,
And of dusty grasses — weeds —
Thistles, with their tufted seeds
Voyaging the autumn breeze
Like as fairy argosies:
Time of quicker flash of wings,
And of clearer twitterings
In the grove, or deeper shade
Of the tangled everglade, —
Where the spotted water-snake
Coils him in the sunniest brake;
And the bittern, as in fright,
Darts, in sudden, slanting flight,
Southward, while the startled crane
Films his eyes in dreams again.

Season haldest of the year!
How the zestful atmosphere
Nettles blood and brain, and smites
Into life the old delights
We have wasted in our youth,
And our graver years, forsooth!
How again the boyish heart
Leaps to see the chipmunk start

¹ From Riley's "Child Rhymes," by permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

From the brush and sleek the sun's
 Very beauty, as he runs!
 How again a subtle hint
 Of crushed pennyroyal or mint,
 Sends us on our knees, as when
 We were truant boys of ten —
 Brown marauders of the wood,
 Merrier than Robin Hood!

Ah! will any minstrel say,
 In his sweetest roundelay,
 What is sweeter, after all,
 Than black haws, in early fall —
 Fruit so sweet the frost first sat,
 Dainty-toothed, and nibbled at?
 And will any poet sing
 Of a lush, richer thing
 Than a ripe Mayapple, rolled
 Like a pulpy lump of gold
 Under thumb and finger-tips,
 And poured molten through the lips?
 Go, ye bards of classic themes,
 Pipe your songs by classic streams!
 I would twang the redbird's wings
 In the thicket while he sings!

ar/go sy , a large, richly-laden ship. ev'er glade , a swamp, or low tract of land (flooded, and interspersed with small islands and patches of high grass).	bit'tern , a wading bird, very like the heron. ma raud'er , a robber. round'e lay , a simple song. min'strel , a wandering singer.
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BOB¹

SIDNEY LANIER

BOB is our mocking-bird. He fell to us out of the top of a great pine in a certain small city on the sea-coast of Georgia. In this tree and a host of its lordly fellows which tower over that little city, the mocking-birds abound in unusual numbers. They love the masses of leaves, and the generous breezes from the neighboring Gulf Stream, and most of all, the infinite flood of the sunlight.

About three years ago, in a sandy road which skirts a grove of such tall pines, a wayfarer found Bob lying in a lump. It could not have been more than a few days since he was no bird at all. The finder brought him to our fence and turned him over to a young man who had done us the honor to come and live at our house about six years before. Gladly received by this last, Bob was brought within, and family discussions were held.

He could not be put back into a tree; the hawks would have had him in an hour. The original nest was not to be found. We struggled hard against committing the crime — as we had always considered it — of caging a bird. But finally it became plain that there was no other resource, and he was tended with motherly care.

¹ Copyright, 1891; used by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

He repaid our attentions from the very beginning. He immediately began to pick up in flesh and to increase the volume of his rudimentary feathers. Soon he commenced to call for his food as lustily as any spoiled child. When it was brought, he would throw his head back and open his yellow-lined beak to a width which no one would credit who did not see it. Into this enormous cavity, which seemed almost larger than the bird, his mistress would thrust—and the more vigorously the better he seemed to like it—ball after ball of the yolk of hard-boiled egg mashed up with Irish potato.

A mocking-bird is called "Bob" just as a goat is called "Billy" or "Nan," as a parrot is called "Poll," as a squirrel is called "Bunny," or as a cat is called "Pussy" or "Tom."

Perhaps under another name he would not have thriven so well. His growth in body and in mind was amazing. By the time he was two months old he clearly showed that he was going to be a singer. About this period certain little feeble trills and whistles began to vary the monotony of his absurd squeals and chirrup. The musical business, and the work of feathering himself, occupied his thoughts continually. I can but suppose that he superintended the disposition of the black, white, and gray markings on his wings and his tail as they successively appeared. He certainly manufactured the pigments with which those colors

were laid on, somewhere within himself, — and all out of egg-and-potato.

There is one particular in which Bob's habits cannot be recommended. He eats very often. In fact, if Bob should hire a cook, it would be absolutely necessary for him to write down his hours for her guidance; and this writing would look very much like a time-table of a great railroad. He would have to say: —

“Bridget will be kind enough to get me my breakfast at the following hours: 5, 5.30, 5.40, 6, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 7, 7.20, 7.40, 8 (and so on, every fifteen or twenty minutes, until 12 M.); my dinner at 12, 12.20, 12.40, 1, 1.15, 1.30 (and so on, every fifteen or twenty minutes until 6 P.M.). My supper is irregular, but I wish Bridget particularly to remember that I *always* eat whenever I awake in the night, and that I usually awake four or five times between bedtime and daybreak.”

With all this eating, Bob never neglects to wipe his beak after each meal. This he does by drawing it quickly three or four times on each side, against his perch.

His repertory of songs is extensive. So far as we can see, the stock of songs which he now sings must have been brought in his own mind from the egg, or from some further source whereof we know nothing. He certainly never *learned* these calls:

many of the birds of whom he gives perfect imitations have been always beyond his reach.

When he is curious, or alarmed, he stretches his body until he seems incredibly tall and of the size of his neck all the way. When he is cold, he makes himself into a round ball of feathers.

I think I envy him most when he goes to sleep. He takes up one leg somewhere into his bosom, crooks the other a trifle, shortens his neck, closes his eyes,—and it is done. He does not appear to hover a moment in the borderland between sleeping and waking, but hops over the line with the same superb decision with which he drops from his perch to the floor.

There is but one time when he ever looks sad. This is during the season when his feathers fall. He is then unspeakably dejected. Never a note do we get from him until it is over. Nor can he be blamed. Last summer not only the usual loss took place, but every feather dropped from his tail. His dejection during this period was so extreme that we could but believe that he had some idea of his personal appearance under the disadvantage of no tail. This was so ludicrous that his most ardent lovers could scarcely behold him without a smile; and it appeared to cut him to the soul that he should excite such sentiments.

But in a surprisingly short time his tail-feathers grew out again, the rest of his apparel reappeared

fresh and new, and he lifted up his head ; insomuch that whenever we wish to fill the house with a gay, confident, dashing, riotous, innocent, sparkling glory of jubilation, we have only to set Bob's cage where a spot of sunshine will fall on it. His beads of eyes glisten, his form grows intense, up goes his beak, and he is off.

Finally we have sometimes discussed the question: is it better, on the whole, that Bob should have lived in a cage than in the wild-wood? There are conflicting opinions about it; but one of us is clear that it is better. He argues that although there are many songs which are never heard, as there are many eggs which never hatch, yet the end of a song is to be heard, as that of an egg is to be hatched. He argues that Bob's life in his cage has been one long blessing to several people who stood in need of him; whereas in the woods, leaving aside the probability of hawks and bad boys, he would not have been likely to gain one appreciative listener for a single half-hour out of each year.

mock'ing-bird , a bird common in the Southern States, noted for its rich song and power of imitating the notes of other birds.	pig'ment , coloring material.
ru di men'ta ry , just beginning to form.	rep'er to ry , list of pieces that one can speak, sing, or play.
dis po si'tion , arrangement.	de jec'tion , sadness.
	lu'di crous , absurd; amusing.
	ju bi la'tion , rejoicing.

SIDNEY LANIER was born in Georgia in 1842 and died in 1881. He was a poet, and a lover of music and of nature. His "Boys' King Arthur" and "Boys' Froissart" are excellent reading.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. When he was only three years old he was sent to a private school where he learned his letters, and when he was six he began to go to Portland Academy. At this age, his teacher, Mr. Carter, wrote of him: "Master Henry Longfellow is one of the best boys we have in school. He spells and reads very well. He also can add and multiply numbers. His conduct last quarter was very correct and admirable."

The boy began early to try to rhyme; his first poem that we know about, one called "Venice, an Italian Poem," was written when he was barely thirteen. His first published poem appeared in the *Portland Gazette* a little later, under the title of "The Battle of Lovell's Pond."

He was very studious and eager to learn. When he was fourteen he had passed the entrance examinations for Bowdoin College, and at fifteen he entered as a sophomore, his parents having thought him too young to go to college before. At one time Longfellow, like many other boys, wished to go to West Point, but his uncle, General Wadsworth, did not approve of this plan, and refused to give his permission. So Longfellow went to Bowdoin College

instead, and was graduated in June, 1825. After his graduation, he begged his father to let him go to Cambridge for a year and study literature at Harvard. His father finally consented, though he wanted his son to be a lawyer and not a writer.

The young man was firm in his desire to be a man of letters. He was also very anxious to become familiar with foreign languages, and was envious when he read of an English writer who "knew eight languages well; eight more he could read with a dictionary; and twelve more were not wholly unknown to him." Later, during his several trips abroad, Longfellow himself became familiar with many different languages, and always found that he could learn and speak them with ease.

When he was not quite nineteen he was offered the position of Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin College, and went abroad to prepare for this work. He was away three years, then returned to take up his new duties. He remained at Bowdoin till 1835, when he was elected to take Professor Ticknor's place as Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard. Before removing to Cambridge to fill this more important position he went abroad again, this time with his young wife.

When Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow had been abroad less than a year, Mrs. Longfellow died very suddenly. Her death was a terrible shock and grief to the poet. In his poem called "Footsteps of Angels"

he has given a very lovely picture of his young wife, who died when she was little more than twenty. After her death he went to Heidelberg, where he studied German literature; the following summer he spent in Switzerland. In the autumn he sailed for home, a lonely, heavy-hearted man.

In December of the same year (1836) he established himself in Cambridge. He took rooms at the Craigie House, which, as every schoolboy knows, was once the headquarters of Washington during the siege of Boston, but which has since become still more famous all over the country as the Longfellow house.

Longfellow was professor at Harvard for eighteen years (1836-1854). He kept busy at his writing, as well as at his college duties, though he did not have nearly so much time for literary work as he wished.

The students were very fond of him. The professors at that time were not accustomed to call the students "Mr." So and So, as they do now; they used to address them simply by their last names. Longfellow always added the prefix, "Mr.," and this courtesy pleased the students so much that they used to say, "We like Professor Longfellow; he always treats us like gentlemen."

As time went on, Longfellow became very impatient because he had so little leisure for writing. He had married again, and a family of children were growing up about him, and social duties were con-

stantly interrupting his work. He at length decided to give up his appointment at Harvard. After resigning his position, in 1854, he was much happier, because he was free to do as he wished.

As a result of this freedom, he had leisure to work out a plan for a poem upon the American Indians, about whom he had long wished to write something. He had recently read a poem about the legends of the Finlanders. He thought that the Indian traditions would be even more interesting, and resolved to write them in somewhat the same way. He secured a book of such traditions, edited by Schoolcraft, in three great volumes, and soon began to write his poem. The name of the Indian whom he decided to make the hero of the poem was Manabozho, but this name he considered too hard, and accordingly changed it to Hiawatha, which he knew would be much easier for his readers to remember.

Longfellow enjoyed writing out all these Indian stories, and he found that children could easily remember them. The poem was widely read and translated into different languages. At one time a lady passing by a jeweller's window in New York saw some people looking at a beautiful silver boat in the window; and she heard a rough-looking laborer say, "That's from Hiawatha," pointing, as he said it, to two lines from Longfellow's poem engraved on the side of the boat. This incident illustrates the

popularity of the book at that time among all sorts of people, wise and ignorant.

In the same way, at another time, Longfellow tried the experiment of writing a poem in a Greek form of verse, made up of long lines instead of the short lines of *Hiawatha*. It was the story of a young girl called *Evangeline*, from the French province of *Acadie* (or *Acadia*), in Canada, all of whose inhabitants had been removed by the British troops to Louisiana and other distant regions. By this removal *Evangeline* had been separated from the young man to whom she was to be married. They sought each other for years, and at last met in a hospital where the lover lay dying.

In still another poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," Longfellow described the early colonial life in this country. All these poems had a wide circulation and made him very popular with those who read them.

In 1868 Longfellow made his fourth and last trip abroad. In London he was invited to the homes of many celebrated people, and was honored everywhere. For in England, Longfellow was, and still is, more beloved than any other of our poets. The rich and poor alike know his poetry. A story is told of a laboring man who one day stopped the poet on the street and began to recite his poem "Excelsior" to him. It is said that Longfellow was so alarmed that he ran away. Before he left Eng-

land, Oxford University paid him the great honor of conferring upon him the degree of D.C.L. (Doctor of Civil Law). Since his death an even greater honor has been accorded him: he was the first American whose bust was placed in Westminster Abbey.

After his return to America, the poet began his longest and most ambitious work, the translation into English of the writings of the Italian poet Dante. While laboring at this enormous task, he was very restless under the numerous interruptions of different sorts that he could never escape. He was so kind-hearted that it was difficult for him to refuse to see the people who were by this time coming from all over the country to see him. His social engagements were many, and his correspondence was tremendous. One day he wrote, "I could not get half an hour to myself all day long. Oh, for a good snow-storm to block the door!"

He received hundreds of requests for autographs, to every one of which he replied. He once wrote in his diary that more than sixty requests of this kind were at that moment lying on his table. At another time he wrote, "Yesterday I wrote, sealed, and directed seventy autographs." He appeared to have unlimited patience in meeting demands of this sort from schools and private citizens all over the country.

Longfellow was very kind to young men and young women who wanted to become writers, but did not know how to begin. Sometimes they brought him very poor work for criticism. He was patient with them all, and always sent them away encouraged and happy. Some people have criticised this kind-heartedness, saying that he should not have encouraged the young writers when there was no real worth in what they had written, but should have told them at once that the poems or stories were poor, and that they could not expect to write such things well without more practice. But Longfellow was too gentle and kindly to deal with them in that way.

When the poet's seventy-fifth birthday came, the school-children of Cambridge had a great celebration. A short time before, the "spreading chestnut tree," about which he wrote in "The Village Blacksmith," had been cut down. Longfellow had tried to prevent its destruction, but all in vain; the old tree fell. The suggestion was made that the school-children should raise money by small subscriptions to pay for making a great arm-chair for the poet's study out of this chestnut wood.

The money was raised, the chair built, and presented to him. The gift gave him great pleasure. He afterward gave orders that no child who wished to see the chair should ever be turned away. So the tramp of little feet, perhaps in muddy shoes,

came and went through the house for a long time after, to the despair of the house-maids.

Many of Longfellow's poems are as popular among the boys and girls as among the grown people, for they are often very simple and easy to understand. Their simplicity and beauty have brought him a world-wide fame. His poems have been translated into more different languages than those of any other American poet. He has been called "the universal poet," for he seems to be the poet of all countries, and all ages and classes of people.

Longfellow lived to a green and sunny old age, seeing grandchildren growing up about him, and his books constantly increasing in fame and popularity. He died on March 24, 1882, universally beloved and mourned.

stu'di ous, fond of study.

Bowdoin, pronounced Bō'dn.

Heidelberg, pronounced Hī'del berg;
a city in Germany.

soph'o more, one belonging to the
second of the four classes in
college.

Fin'land ers. Finland is a part of the
Russian empire, lying northwest
of Russia proper, in Europe.

tra di'tions, the unwritten stories and
beliefs of any people, which are
handed down from father to son.

Mānabozho, pronounced Ma nab'o zho.

pop u lar'i ty, favor among a large
number of people.

aut'o graph, a person's name written
in his own hand.

u ni ver'sal, belonging to all places
and all people.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON was born in Cambridge, Mass., on December 22, 1823. He has written history and biography, as well as many stories and poems. He was the friend of Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Emerson, and Hawthorne, about all of whom he has written especially for this series of Readers.

THE BUILDING OF THE CANOE

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

“GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

“Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!”

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, “Behold me!
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!”

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,

Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together

That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched its forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!



"Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him."

I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom !”

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
“ Take my quills, O Hiawatha ! ”

From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries ;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest ;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews ;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
 Paddles none he had or needed,
 For his thoughts as paddles served him,
 And his wishes served to guide him;
 Swift or slow at will he glided,
 Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Chee maun', a birch canoe.

Ta qua me'naw, a river of northern
 Michigan.

Moon of Leaves, the month of May.
Gee'zis, the sun.

fi'sure, a narrow opening.

re splen'dent, shining brightly.

sup'ple sinews, here means branches
 easily bent.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where;
 For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
 Could not follow in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where;
 For who has sight so keen and strong,
 That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
 I found the arrow, still unbroke;
 And the song, from beginning to end,
 I found again in the heart of a friend.

THE DAY IS DONE

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest

Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice;

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

a kin', related ; having the same na- | bards sub lime', famous poets.
ture.

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly;
Yet they grind exceeding small. — LONGFELLOW.

THE SHIP OF STATE

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State !
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great !
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate !
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !

Fear not each sudden sound and shock.
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock ;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale !
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee :
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee !

hu man'i ty, mankind ; the human race.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

GEORGE BANCROFT

THE most celebrated tea party ever known was that which was held in Boston Harbor late one evening in December, 1773. There was at that time no great nation of the United States, as there is now, but between the Atlantic Ocean and the Alleghany Mountains there were thirteen colonies which had been founded by Englishmen, and were still under the control of the British government.

George the Third, King of England, and some of his noblemen had done all that they could to oppress the people of these colonies. They had forbidden the colonists sending their own goods to any other country than England. They would not allow the Americans to cut down pine trees outside of enclosed fields, or to manufacture iron goods. They had tried in every way to tax the people of this country, while at the same time they would not allow them to take any part in the making of the laws governing the colonies.

At length a tax was laid on all tea sold to the colonies, and several ships were loaded with that article and sent from England to the American ports of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston. But the colonists did not like to be taxed in that way, and everywhere they made agreement among

themselves to drink no more tea until the tax should be removed. Not being represented in Parliament, they were unwilling to be taxed by Parliament.

About the first of December one of the three tea ships which had been sent to Boston, arrived and anchored in the harbor. A town-meeting was held in the old South Meeting-house, at which nearly five thousand persons were present. It was the largest assembly that had ever been known in Boston. All the people were opposed to allowing the tea to be landed, and by a vote of every one at that great meeting, it was resolved that it should be sent back to England, and that no duty should be paid on it.

The merchants to whom the tea had been sent, and who expected to make some profit out of it, promised not to land the cargo, but asked for time to consider the matter before sending the ship back to England.

"Is it safe to trust to the promises of these men, who by their acts have already shown themselves to be the enemies of their country?" asked some one in the assembly.

"Let the ship be guarded until the merchants have had time to make up their minds and give an answer," said another.

"I will be one of the guard, myself," said John Hancock, "rather than that there shall be none."

So it was decided that a party of twenty-five men

should guard the tea ship during the night, and that on no account should the merchants postpone their answer longer than till the next morning.

The next morning the answer of the merchants was brought: "It is entirely out of our power to send back the tea; but we are willing to store it until we shall receive further directions."

Further directions from whom? The British government? The wrath of the people was now aroused, and the great assembly resolved that it would not disperse until the matter should be settled.

In the afternoon both the owner and the master of the tea ship came forward and promised that the tea should return as it had come, without touching land and without paying duty. The owners of the two other tea ships, which were daily expected, made a like promise. And thus it was thought that the whole trouble would be ended.

When the expected tea ships arrived, they were ordered to cast anchor by the side of the first, so that one guard might serve for all; for the people did not put entire confidence in the promises of the ship-owners; and, besides this, the law would not allow the vessels to sail away from Boston with the tea on board.

Another meeting was called, and the owner of the first tea ship was persuaded to go to the proper officers and ask for a clearance; but these officers,

who owed their appointment to the king, flatly refused to grant a clearance until the cargo of tea should be landed.

On the sixteenth of December seven thousand men were present at the town-meeting, and every one voted that the tea should not be landed. "Having put our hands to the plough," said one, "we must not now think of looking back." And there were many men in that meeting who thought that they foresaw in this conflict the beginning of a trying and most terrible struggle with the British government.

It had been dark for more than an hour. The church in which the leaders of the movement were sitting was dimly lighted. The owner of the first tea ship entered and announced that not only the revenue officers but the governor had refused to allow his ship to leave the harbor. As soon as he had finished speaking, Samuel Adams rose and gave the word: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

At that instant a shout was heard on the porch. A yell like an Indian war-whoop answered it from the street, and a body of men, forty or fifty in number, dressed in the garb of Mohawk Indians, passed by the door. Quickly reaching the wharf, they posted guards to prevent interruption, went on board the three tea ships, and emptied three hundred and forty chests of tea — all that could be found — into the waters of the bay.

The people around, as they looked on, were so still that the noise of breaking open the tea chests was plainly heard. "All things," said John Adams, who became afterward the second President of the United States, "all things were conducted with great order, decency, and perfect submission to government." After the work was done, the town became as still and calm as if it had been a holy day of rest. The men from the country that very night carried back the great news to their villages.

This was one of the first acts which led to the war with England that gave this country its independence. Only a little more than a year afterward, the first battle was fought at Lexington, not far from Boston; and in less than ten years the colonies had become free and independent states.

clear'ance, permission to sail.

Par'lia ment, the body of law-makers
in England.

rev'e nue officer, one who collects
taxes or revenue.

HARK, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

— SHAKESPEARE.

A MERRY TALE OF THE KING AND THE COBBLER

CHAPTER I

*Of King Henry the Eighth's method of visiting the City Watch ;
and of his becoming acquainted with a merry Cobbler.*

It was the custom of King Henry the Eighth to walk late in the night into the city of London, disguised, to observe how the constables and watch performed their duty ; not only in guarding the city gates, but also in diligently watching the inner part of the city, that they might prevent those damages and casualties that often happen to great and populous cities in the night time. This he did oftentimes, without its being discovered who he was ; returning home to Whitehall early in the morning.

Now, in returning home through the Strand, he took notice of a certain cobbler, who was always up at work, whistling and singing, every morning. So resolving to see him, he knocked off the heel of his shoe, by hitting it against the stones. Having so done, he bounced against the stall.

"Who is there?" cried the cobbler, opening his stall door. Whereupon the King asked him if he could fit on his heel. "Yes, that I can," said the cobbler ; "so sit thee down, and I will do it straight."

The cobbler laid his awls and old shoes aside, to make room for the King to sit by him, who was hardly able to forbear laughing at the Cobbler's kindness; and asked him if there was not an inn near, where he could rest until his shoe was mended. "Yes," said the cobbler, "there is an inn over the way, where I think the folks are up, for the carriers go from them early every morning." With that the King borrowed an old shoe of the cobbler, and went over to the inn, desiring him to bring his shoe over thither, when he had done it. The cobbler promised him that he would.

So making as much haste as he could, he carried it over to the King, saying, "Honest blade, here is thy shoe again: I'll warrant thee, the heel will not come off again in haste." "Very well," said the King, "what must you have for your pains?" "A couple of pence," said the cobbler. "Well," said the King, "as thou art an honest, merry fellow, here is a tester for you; come, sit down by me and let us talk together."

So the cobbler sat down by the King, and was very merry. He sang some of his pretty songs and catches, at which the King laughed heartily, and was very pleasant and jocund with the cobbler, telling him withal, that his name was Harry Tudor, and that he belonged to the court; and if he would come and see him there, he would make him very welcome, because he was such a merry companion;

and charged him to come, and not forget his name: and to ask any one for him about the court, and they would bring him to him. "For," said the King, "I am well known there."

Now, the cobbler little dreamed that it was the King that spoke to him, much less, that the King's name was Harry Tudor. Then, with a great deal of confidence, he stood up, and pulled off his hat, and made the King many thanks; telling him that he was one of the honestest fellows he had ever met with in all his lifetime; and though he had never been at court, yet it should not be long before he would make a holiday to come and see him.

Whereupon the King, discharging the reckoning, would have taken leave of the cobbler. But he, taking him by the hand, said, "By my faith! you shall not go yet, you shall first go and see my poor habitation. I have there a good loaf and cheese, and you must needs go and taste it; for thou art the honestest blade I ever met with: and I love an honest, merry companion, with all my heart."

CHAPTER II

The Cobbler entertains the King in the Cellar; and of the disturbance made by the Cobbler's wife.

So the cobbler took the King with him, over the way, where he had a cellar, joining to his stall, which was handsomely furnished for a man of his profes-

sion. Into this cellar he had the King. "There," said he, "sit you down; you are welcome. But I must desire you to speak softly, for fear of waking my wife Joan, who lies hard by;" showing the King a close bed, neatly made up in one corner of the cellar, much like a closet; "for if she awake, she will certainly make both our ears ring again."

At this speech of the cobbler, the King laughed, and told him he would be mindful to follow his directions. So the cobbler kindled a fire, and fetched out a brown loaf, from which he cut a lusty slice, and set it baking by the fire; then he brought out his Cheshire cheese.

"Come," said he, "will you eat my cheese? there is good fellowship in eating." This made the King admire the freedom of the cobbler. So having eaten a piece, "Here's a health to all true hearts and merry companions," said the cobbler. At which the King, smiling, said, "Old friend, I'll pledge thee."

In this manner they ate and drank together, until almost break of day, the cobbler pleasing the King with several of his old stories. When, on a sudden, the cobbler's wife, Joan, began to awake. "In faith," says the cobbler, "you must be gone now; my wife Joan begins to grumble, she will wake presently; and I would not, for all the shoes in my shop, she should find you here."

So taking the King upstairs, he said, "Farewell,

honest blade, it shall not be long before I make a holiday to come and see thee at court." The King replied, "You shall be kindly welcome."

So they parted; the King on his way to Whitehall, and the cobbler to his cellar, putting all things to rights before his wife, Joan, got up; and went to work again, whistling and singing, as merry as he used to do; being much satisfied that he had happened on such a good companion; and very much delighted at thinking how merry he should be when he came to the court.

CHAPTER III

The Cobbler's preparation to go to Court; and the pains his wife took to set him off to the best advantage.

As soon as the King came home, he gave his orders to all about the court, that if any one inquired for him by the name of Harry Tudor, the person should be brought before him without further examination. Now, the cobbler thought every day a month until he had been at court to see his new acquaintance; and he was much troubled how he should get leave of his wife, Joan: for he could not go without her knowledge, because he resolved to make himself as fine as ever he could, and his wife, Joan, always kept his holiday clothes.

So one evening, as they sat at supper, she being in a good humor, he began to lay open his mind to her, and showed her the manner of the acquaintance,

repeating it, over and over again, that he was the honestest man he had ever met. "Husband," said she, "because you have been so generous to tell me the truth, I will give you leave to make a holiday. You shall go to court as fine as I can make you."

So it being agreed that he might go the next day, Joan arose betimes the next morning to brush her husband's clothes; and to make him look as snug as might be, she washed and ironed his laced band, and made his shoes so shine that he might see his face in them. Having done this, she made her husband arise, washed him well with warm water, put him on a clean shirt, and afterwards dressed him in his best clothes, and pinned his laced band in front.

CHAPTER IV

The Cobbler's reception at Court; with the manner of his behavior before the King.

The cobbler, being thus equipped, strutted through the streets like a crow in a gutter, thinking himself as fine as the best of them all. In this manner came he to court; staring at this body, and on that body, as he walked up and down, and knowing no one to ask for but Harry Tudor.

At last he espied one, as he thought, in the habit of a serving man, to whom he made his addresses, saying, "Do you hear, honest fellow, do you know one Harry Tudor, who belongs to the court?"

"Yes," said the man, "follow me; and I will take you to him." With that, he took him presently up into the guard-chamber, telling one of the yeoman of the guard there was one that inquired for Harry Tudor. The yeoman replied, "I know him very well; and if you please to go along with me, I will bring you to him immediately."

The cobbler followed the yeoman, admiring the finery of the rooms he went through, and thinking within himself that the yeoman was not very unlike the person inquired after. "He, whom I look after," said he, "is a plain, merry, and honest fellow: his name is Harry Tudor; I suppose he may be some fine lord or other about the court." "I tell you, friend," replied the yeoman, "I do know him very well; do but follow me, and I will bring you to him straight."

So going forward, he came to the room where the King was, accompanied with many of his nobles. As soon as the yeoman had put by the arras, he spake aloud, saying, "May it please your Majesty, here is one inquires for Harry Tudor." The cobbler, hearing this, thought he had committed no less than treason; therefore he up with his heels, and ran away for it. But not being acquainted with the several turnings and rooms through which he came, he was soon overtaken and brought before the King, whom the cobbler very little thought to be the person he inquired after.



THE COBBLER BEFORE KING HENRY VIII

He, therefore, fell on his knees, saying, "May it please your Grace, I am a poor cobbler, and inquired for one Harry Tudor, who is a very honest fellow. I mended the heel of his shoe, not long ago, for which he paid me nobly. I had him afterwards to my own cellar, where we supped together, and were very merry, till my wife Joan began to wake, which put an end to our merriment for that time. But I told him that I surely would be at court to see him as soon as I conveniently could."

"Well," said the King, "rise up, and be not afraid! Look well about you, peradventure you may find the fellow in this company." So the cobbler arose and looked wishfully upon the King, and his nobles, but to no purpose: for, although he thought he saw something in the King's face which he had seen before, yet he could not imagine him to be Harry Tudor, the heel of whose shoe he had mended, and who had been so merry with him, both at the inn, and in his own cellar.

He therefore told the King he did not expect to find Harry Tudor among such fine folks as he saw there; but the person that he looked for was a plain, honest, true-hearted fellow; adding withal, that he was sure if Harry Tudor did but know that he was come to court, he would make him welcome. At which speech of the cobbler, the King had much ado to forbear laughing outright; but keeping his countenance as well as he could, he said to the yeo-

man of the guard, "Here, take this honest cobbler down into the cellar, and give him meat and drink. I will give orders that Harry Tudor come to him presently."

CHAPTER V

The Cobbler's entertainment at the King's cellar, where he meets his old friend, Harry Tudor.

The cobbler had not been long in the cellar before the King came to him, in the same habit he had on when the cobbler mended his shoe; whereupon the cobbler knew him, and ran and kissed him, saying, "Honest Harry, I have made a holiday, on purpose to come and see you; but I had much ado to get leave of my wife Joan, who was loath I should lose so much time from my work; but I was resolved to see you, so I made myself as fine as I could.

"But I'll tell you, Harry, when I came to court I was in a peck of troubles how to find you out; but, at last, I met with a man who told me he knew you very well, and that he would bring me to you; but, instead of doing so, he brought me before the King; which had almost frightened me to death. But in good faith," continues the cobbler, "I am resolved to be merry with you, since I have the good fortune to find you at last."

"Ay, so you shall," replied the King, "we will be as merry as princes." The cobbler soon fell to singing his old songs and catches, which pleased the

King very much and made him laugh most heartily; when on a sudden, many of the nobles came into the cellar, extraordinarily rich in apparel, who stood bare to Harry Tudor. This put the cobbler in great amazement at first; but, recovering himself, and looking more earnestly upon Harry Tudor, he presently knew him to be the King, that he had seen in the presence chamber.

He, therefore, immediately fell upon his knees, saying, "May it please your Highness, I am an honest cobbler, and mean no harm." "No, no," said the King, "nor shall receive none here." He commanded him, therefore, to rise up; and be as merry as he was before; and though he knew him to be the King, he should use the same freedom with him as he did when he mended his shoe. This kind speech of the King made the cobbler to be in as good humor as he was before; telling the King many of his pretty stories and singing more songs, very much to the satisfaction of the King and his nobles. And among others, he sang this one:—

"Come, let us sing a jovial song,
Our sorrows to confound;
We'll laugh, and sing, before the King,
So let his health go round.

"For I'm as bold as bold can be,
No cobbler e'er was ruder;
So then, good fellow, here's to thee,
Remembering Harry Tudor.

"When I'm at work within my stall,
Upon him I shall think;
His kindness I to mind shall call,
Whene'er I eat or drink.

"His kindness to me was so great,
The like was never known;
His kindness I will still repeat,
And so shall my wife Joan.

"I'll laugh, when I sit in my stall,
And merrily will sing,
That I, with my poor last and awl,
Was fellow with a King.

"But it is more, I must confess,
Than I, at first, did know;
But Harry Tudor ne'ertheless,
Resolves it must be so.

"And now, farewell unto Whitehall,
I homewards must retire;
To whistle and sing within my stall,
My Joan will me require.

"I can but think, how she will laugh,
When she hears of this thing;
How he, who ate and drank with me,
Was England's royal King."

CHAPTER VI

Of the Cobbler's becoming a Courtier.

Now the King, considering the pleasant humors
of the cobbler, how innocently merry he was, and

free from any designs; and that he was a person that labored very hard, and took a great deal of pains, for a small livelihood, was pleased, out of his princely grace and favor, to allow him a liberal annuity of forty marks a year, for the better support of his jolly humors, and the maintenance of himself and his wife Joan; and that he should be admitted one of the courtiers; and have the freedom of his larder whenever he pleased.

This, being so much beyond his expectation, highly elevated the cobbler's humors, much to the satisfaction of the King. So, after some bows and scrapes, he returned home to his wife Joan, with the joyful news of his kind reception at court; which so pleased her that she did not think much of the pains she had been at, in dressing him up for the journey.

King Henry the Eighth , King of England from 1509 to 1547, second king of the Tudor line; no other English king was so popular.	blade, fellow.
cas'ual ty , accident.	Che'shire , a county on the west coast of England.
Whitehall, Strand , districts in London.	ar'ras , hangings.
joc'und , merry, cheerful.	trea'son , some word or act against the King.
test'er , a silver coin, formerly worth about 18 pence, or 36 cents.	per ad ven'ture , perhaps.
Later its value was sixpence.	stood bare , took off their hats.
	an nu'i ty , a yearly income.
	yeo'man of the guard , one of the king's bodyguard.

GAMMER GURTON'S HISTORIES, from which this merry tale is taken, are among the most entertaining of the "chap-books," or little pamphlets of tales, that were sold by peddlers three hundred years and more ago.

OVER HILL, OVER DALE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A Fairy Song

OVER hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors;
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

pen'sion ers, attendants.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford, England, in 1564, and died in 1616. He was at first an actor in London, and became a writer of plays. He is regarded as the greatest dramatic poet that ever lived. Among his best plays are "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Julius Cæsar," "The Tempest," and "The Merchant of Venice."

HAVE more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest.—SHAKESPEARE.

MOSES MAKES A BARGAIN

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, my family thought it would be proper to sell the colt which was now grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit.

As the annual fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me to go from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and demands a low price, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this errand; and the next morning I noticed that his sisters were very busy in fitting out Moses for the fair — trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and arranging his hat. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the pleasure of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a box before him, in which to bring home groceries.

He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, calling after him, "Good luck!" "Good luck!" till we could see him no longer. . . .

As it was almost nightfall, and Moses had not yet returned from the fair, I was wondering what could keep him so long. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about it, that will make you laugh heartily. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the heavy box, which he had strapped round his shoulder like a peddler.

"Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Oh yes, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would do well. Between ourselves, three pound five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are: a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of worthless green spectacles!"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them at a great bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife. "I dare say they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

"You need not be uneasy," cried I, "about selling the rims; for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

"What," cried my wife, "not silver, the rims not silver!"

"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have got only a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! Away with

such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I, "he should not have known them at all."

"The idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff! If I had them I would throw them into the fire."

"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I, "for, though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a cheating sharper, who, observing his youth, had marked him for an easy prey. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell.

"Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these spectacles, saying that he wanted money, and would sell them for one-third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

dis creet', wise in avoiding mistakes. | *sha green'*, a kind of leather.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774) was born in Ireland. "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "She Stoops to Conquer," are his best works.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

COME, let us plant the apple tree!
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
 And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet;
 So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest.

We plant upon the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
 When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard row he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;

A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky;
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when, above this apple tree
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth;
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine,
And golden orange of the Line,
The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view
And ask in what fair groves they grew;

And sojourners beyond the sea
 Shall think of childhood's careless day
 And long, long hours of summer play,
 In the shade of the apple tree.

But time shall waste this apple tree.
 Oh! when its aged branches throw
 Their shadows on the world below,
 Shall fraud and force and iron will
 Oppose the weak and helpless still?

What shall the task of mercy be
 Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
 Of those who live when length of years
 Is wasting this apple tree?

"Who planted this old apple tree?"
 The children of that distant day
 Thus to some aged man shall say;
 And, gazing on its mossy stem,
 The gray-haired man shall answer them:
 "A poet of the land was he,
 Born in the rude but good old times;
 'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
 On planting the apple tree."

green'sward, turf green with grass.
Cin'tra, a town in Portugal, remarkable for its beauty and pleasant climate.

the Line, the equator; here, the warm countries near the equator.
so'journ er, one who dwells in a place for a time as a stranger.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878), is one of the greater American poets. "Thanatopsis," "To a Waterfowl" and "The Forest Hymn," are among his best poems.

FOOT-BALL AT RUGBY

THOMAS HUGHES

"But why do you wear white trousers in November?" said Tom. He had been struck by this peculiarity in the costume of almost all the schoolhouse boys.

"Why, don't you know? No, I forgot. Why, to-day's the schoolhouse match. Our house plays the whole of the school at foot-ball. And we all wear white trousers to show them we don't care for hacks. You're in luck to come to-day. You will just see a match; and Brooke's going to let me play in quarters. That's more than he'll do for any other lower-school boy, except James, and he's fourteen."

"Who's Brooke?"

"Why, that big fellow who called over at dinner, to be sure. He's head of the schoolhouse side, and the best kick and charger in Rugby."

"Oh, but do show me where they play? And tell me about it. I love foot-ball so, and have played all my life. Won't Brooke let me play?"

"Not he," said East, with some indignation. "Why, you don't know the rules — you'll be a month learning them. And then it's no joke playing in a match, I can tell you. It is quite another thing from your private-school games. Why, there have been two collar-bones broken this half, and a dozen

fellows lamed. And last year a fellow had his leg broken."

Tom listened with the profoundest respect to this chapter of accidents, and followed East across the level ground till they came to a sort of gigantic gallows of two poles eighteen feet high, fixed upright in the ground some fourteen feet apart, with a cross-bar running from one to the other at the height of ten feet or thereabouts.

"This is one of the goals," said East, "and you see the other across there, right opposite, under the doctor's wall. The match is for the best of three goals. Whichever side kicks two goals wins; and it won't do, you see, just to kick the ball through these posts, it must go over the cross-bar; any height will do, so long as it's between the posts.

"You'll have to stay in goal to touch the ball when it rolls behind the posts, because if the other side touch it, they have a try at goal. Then we fellows in quarters, we play just about in front of goal here, and have to turn the ball and kick it back before the big fellows on the other side can follow it up. And in front of us all the big fellows play, and that's where most of the scrimmages are."

Tom's respect increased as he struggled to make out his friend's technicalities, and the other set to work to explain the mysteries of "off your side," "drop-kicks," "punts," "places," and the other intricacies of the great science of foot-ball.



IN FOOT-BALL SEASON

"But how do you keep the ball between the goals?" said he. "I can't see why it might not go right down to the chapel."

"Why, that's out of play," answered East. "You see this gravel walk running down all along this side of the playing-ground, and the line of elms opposite on the other? Well, they are the bounds. As soon as the ball gets past them, it's in touch, and out of play. And then whoever first touches it, has to knock it straight out among the players, who make two lines with a space between them, every fellow going on his own side. Aren't there just fine scrimmages then! and by the three trees you see there which come out into the play, that's a tremendous place when the ball hangs there, for you get thrown against the trees, and that's worse than any hack."

Tom wondered within himself as they strolled back again, whether the matches were really such break-neck affairs as East represented, and whether, if they were, he should ever get to like them and play well.

He hadn't long to wonder, however, for the next minute East cried out, "Hurrah! here's the punt-about. Come along and try your hand at a kick."

The punt-about is the practice ball, which is just brought out and kicked about anyhow from one boy to another. They joined the boys who had brought it out, and Tom had the pleasure of trying his skill,

and performed very creditably, after first driving his foot three inches into the ground, and then nearly kicking his leg into the air in vigorous efforts to accomplish a drop-kick after the manner of East.

Presently more boys and bigger ones came out, and more balls were sent for. The crowd thickened as three o'clock approached, and when the hour struck, one hundred and fifty boys were hard at work. Then the balls were held.

"Hold the punt-about!" "To the goals!" are the cries, and all stray balls are impounded by the authorities; and the whole mass of boys moves up toward the two goals, dividing as they go into three bodies. That little band on the left, consisting of from fifteen to twenty boys, Tom among them, who are making for the goal under the schoolhouse wall, are the schoolhouse boys who are not to play-up, and have to stay in goal.

The larger body moving to the island goal are the schoolboys in a like predicament. The great mass in the middle are the players-up, both sides mingled together. They are hanging their jackets, and all who mean real work, their hats, waistcoats, neck-handkerchiefs and braces, on the railings round the small trees, and there they go by twos and threes up to their respective grounds.

Now that the two sides have fairly sundered, and each occupies its own ground, and we get a good look at them, what absurdity is this? You don't

mean to say that those fifty or sixty boys in white trousers, many of them quite small, are going to play that huge mass opposite? Indeed I do, gentlemen; they're going to try, at any rate, and won't make such a bad fight of it either, for hasn't old Brooke won the toss with his lucky half-penny, and got choice of goals and kick-off?

The new ball you may see lying there quite by itself, in the middle, pointing toward the school or island goal; in another minute it will be well on its way there. Use that minute in remarking how the schoolhouse side is drilled. You will see in the first place that the boy who has the charge of goal has spread his force (the goal-keepers) so as to occupy the whole space behind the goal-posts, at distances of about five yards apart. A safe and well-kept goal is the foundation of all good play. Old Brooke is talking to the captain of quarters; and now he moves away. See how that youngster spreads his men (the light brigade) carefully over the ground, halfway between their own goal and the body of their own players-up (the heavy brigade).

These again play in several bodies. There is young Brooke and the bulldogs — they are "the fighting brigade," the "die-hards," larking about at leap-frog to keep themselves warm, and playing tricks on one another. And on each side of old Brooke, who is now standing in the middle of the ground and just going to kick-off, you see a separate

wing of players-up, each with a boy of acknowledged prowess to look to; but over all is old Brooke, absolute as he of Russia, but wisely and bravely ruling over willing and worshipping subjects—a true foot-ball king. His face is earnest and careful as he glances a last time over his array, but full of pluck and hope—the sort of look I hope to see in my general when I go out to fight.

The school side is not organized in the same way. The goal-keepers are all in lumps, anyhow and no-how. One cannot distinguish between the players-up and the boys in quarters, and there is divided leadership; but with such odds in strength and weight it must take more than that to hinder them from winning; and so their leaders seem to think, for they let the players-up manage themselves.

But now look, there is a slight move forward of the schoolhouse wings; a shout of “Are you ready?” and a loud, affirmative reply. Old Brooke takes half a dozen quick steps, and away goes the ball spinning toward the school goal, covering seventy yards before it touches ground, and at no point above twelve or fifteen feet high,—a model kick-off. The schoolhouse cheer and rush on. The ball is returned, and they meet it and drive it back among the masses of the school already in motion.

Then the two sides close, and you can see nothing for minutes but a swaying crowd of boys, at one

point violently agitated. That is where the ball is, and there are the keen players to be met, and the glory and the hard knocks to be got. You hear the dull *thud, thud*, of the ball, and the shouts of "Off your side," "Down with him," "Put him over," "Bravo!" This is what we call a scrimmage, gentlemen.

But see! it has broken. The ball is driven out on the schoolhouse side, and a rush of the school carries it past the schoolhouse players-up. "Look out in quarters," Brooke's and twenty other voices ring out. There is no need to call, though; the schoolhouse captain of quarters has caught it on the bound, dodges the foremost schoolboys, who are heading the rush, and sends it back with a good drop-kick well into the enemy's country. And then follows rush upon rush, and scrimmage upon scrimmage, the ball now driven through into the schoolhouse quarters, and now into the school goal; for the schoolhouse have not lost the advantage which the kick-off and a slight wind gave them at the outset, and are slightly "penning" their adversaries.

The ball has just fallen again where the two sides are thickest, and they close rapidly around it in a scrimmage; it must be driven through now by force or skill, till it flies out on one side or the other. Look how differently the boys face it! Here come two of the bulldogs, bursting through the outsiders. In they go, straight to the heart of the scrimmage,

bent on driving that ball out on the opposite side.

Here comes young Brooke; he goes in as straight as you, but keeps his head, and backs and bends, holding himself still behind the ball, and driving it furiously when he gets a chance.

Here come Speedicut, and Flashman the schoolhouse bully, with shouts and great action. Won't you two come up to young Brooke, after the game, with "Old fellow, wasn't that just a splendid scrimmage by the three trees!" But he knows you, and so do we. You don't really want to drive that ball through that scrimmage, chancing all hurt for the glory of the schoolhouse—but to make us think that is what you want—a vastly different thing; and fellows of your kind will never go through more than the skirts of a scrimmage, where it's all push and no kicking. We respect boys who keep out of it, and don't sham going in; but you—we had rather not say what we think of you.

Then the boys who are bending and watching on the outside, mark them—they are most useful players, the dodgers; who seize on the ball the moment it rolls out from among the chargers, and away with it across to the opposite goal. They seldom go into the scrimmage, but must have more coolness than the chargers.

Three-quarters of an hour are gone. First winds are failing, and weight and numbers are beginning to tell. Yard by yard the schoolhouse boys have

been driven back, contesting every inch of ground. The bulldogs are the color of mother earth from shoulder to ankle. The schoolhouse players are being penned in their turn, and now the ball is behind their goal, under the doctor's wall. The doctor and some of his family are there looking on, and seem as anxious as any boy for the success of the schoolhouse. We get a minute's breathing time before old Brooke kicks out, and he gives the word to play strongly for touch, by the three trees.

Away goes the ball, and the bulldogs after it, and in another minute there is a shout of "In touch," "Our ball." Now is your time, old Brooke, while your men are still fresh. He stands with the ball in his hand, while the two sides form in deep lines opposite one another; he must strike it straight out between them. The lines are thickest close to him, but young Brooke and two or three of his men are shifting up farther, where the opposite line is weak. Old Brooke strikes it out straight and strong, and it falls opposite his brother. Hurrah! that rush has taken it right through the school line, and away past the three trees, far into their quarters, and young Brooke and the bulldogs are close upon it.

The school leaders rush back shouting, "Look out in goal," and strain every nerve to catch him, but they are after the fleetest foot in Rugby. There they go straight for the school goal-posts, quarters scattering before them. One after another the bull-

dogs go down, but young Brooke holds on. "He is down." No! a long stagger, and the danger is past. And now he is close to the school goal, the ball not three yards before him. There is a hurried rush of the school fags to the spot, but no one throws himself on the ball, the only chance, and young Brooke has touched it right under the school goal-posts.

The school leaders come up furious. Old Brooke, of course, will kick it out, but who shall catch and place it? Call Crab Jones. Old Brooke stands with the ball under his arm motioning the school back. He will not kick-out till they are all in a goal, behind the posts; they are all edging forward, inch by inch, to get nearer for the rush at Crab Jones, who stands there in front of old Brooke to catch the ball. If they can reach and destroy him before he catches, the danger is over; and with one and the same rush they will carry it right away to the schoolhouse goal. Fond hope! It is kicked out and caught beautifully.

Crab strikes his heel into the ground, to mark the spot where the ball was caught, beyond which the school line may not advance; but there they stand, five deep, ready to rush the moment the ball touches the ground. Trust Crab Jones—he has made a small hole with his heel for the ball to lie on, by which he is resting on one knee, with his eye on old Brooke. "Now!" Crab places the ball at the

word, old Brooke kicks, and it rises slowly and truly as the school rush forward.

Then a moment's pause, while both sides look up at the spinning ball. There it flies, straight between the two posts, some five feet above the cross-bar, an unquestioned goal; and a shout of real joy rings out from the schoolhouse players-up, and a faint echo of it comes over the close from the goal-keepers under the doctor's wall. A goal in the first hour — such a thing hasn't been done in the schoolhouse match this five years.

tech ni cal'i ties , terms peculiar to any trade, art, or profession; here terms peculiar to the game of foot-ball.	im pound' , to shut up in an enclosure; to take possession of and hold.
in'tri ca cies , things hard to understand.	pre dic'a ment , an unfortunate or trying position.
af firm'a tive , answering yes.	he of Russia , the Czar, whose rule over his subjects is absolute.

THOMAS HUGHES (1823-1896) was an English lawyer. He was much interested in helping to better the lot of workingmen. His fame as an author is due to his "Tom Brown's Schooldays," — an account of life at Rugby, one of the great boys' schools of England, — and "Tom Brown at Oxford."

No man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home. No man can safely speak that does not willingly hold his tongue. No man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become subject. No man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey. No man can safely rejoice, but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.

— THOMAS À KEMPIS.

THE KING AND HIS THREE SONS

JUAN MANUEL

THERE was a Moorish king who had three sons. It was in his power to appoint which of them he pleased to reign after him. Accordingly, when he had arrived at a good old age, the leading men of his kingdom waited upon him, and prayed to be informed which of his sons he would choose as his successor. The king replied that he would give them an answer in a month.

After eight or ten days the king said to his eldest son, "I shall ride out to-morrow, and I wish you to accompany me."

The son waited upon the king as desired, but not so early as the time appointed. When he arrived, the king said he wished to dress, and requested him to bring him his garments. His son went to the lord of the bed chamber, and ordered him to take the king his garments. The attendant inquired which suit he wished. The son returned to ask his father, who replied that he wanted his state robe. The young man went and told the attendant to bring the state robe.

Now for every article of the king's attire it was necessary to go backwards and forwards, carrying questions and answers, until at length the attendant came to dress the king. The same repetition went

on when the king called for his horse, spurs, bridle, saddle, and sword. When all had been prepared with some trouble and difficulty, the king changed his mind and said that he would not ride out. But he desired the prince, his son, to go through the city, and observe carefully everything worthy of notice. Then, on his return, he should give his father an account of what he had seen.

The prince set out, accompanied by the royal attendants and the chief nobility. Trumpets, cymbals, and other instruments preceded this brilliant cavalcade. After passing through only a part of the city, he returned to the palace. The king at once asked him to tell what most attracted his attention.

"I observed nothing, sire," said he, "but the great noise made by the cymbals and trumpets, which confused me."

A few days later the king sent for his second son, and commanded him to attend very early next day. He then subjected him to the same ordeal as his brother, but with a somewhat better result.

Again, after some days, he called for his youngest son. Now this young man came to the palace very early, long before his father was awake. He waited patiently until the king arose, when he entered his chamber with that respect which was fitting. The king then desired his son to bring his clothes, that he might dress. The young prince begged the king to specify which clothes, and boots, he desired, so

that he could bring all at the same time. He would not allow the attendant to help him, but said that if the king permitted him, he would feel highly honored to do all that was required.

When the king was dressed, he requested his son to bring his horse. Again the son asked what horse, saddle, spurs, sword, and other needful things he desired to have; and as the king commanded, so it was done, without trouble or annoyance.

Now when everything was ready, the king, as before, declined to go. But he requested his son to ride forth and to take notice of what he saw, so that on his return he might relate to his father what he thought worthy of notice.

In obedience to the king's commands, the prince rode through the city, attended by the same escort as his brothers. But neither the youngest son nor his followers knew the king's purpose in this.

As he rode along, he desired that they would show him the interior of the city and the streets, and would tell him where the king kept his treasures, and what was supposed to be the amount thereof. He inquired where the nobility and people of importance in the city lived. He desired also that they should present to him all the cavalry and infantry, and make them go through their evolutions. He afterward visited the walls, towers, and fortresses of the city, so that when he returned to the king it was very late.

The king directed his son to tell him what he had seen. The young prince replied that he feared giving offence if he stated all that he felt concerning those things which he had seen and observed. But the king commanded him to tell everything, as he hoped for his blessing. The young man said that although he was sure that his father was a very good king, yet it seemed to him he had not accomplished as much as he might, with such good troops, so much power, and so great resources; for he might have made himself master of the world.

Now the king felt much pleased at this wise remark. When the time came for him to give his decision to the people, he told them that he should appoint his youngest son for their king, on account of the proofs that he had given him of his ability and fitness to govern, in a test to which he had subjected all his sons. Although he could have wished to appoint his eldest son as his successor, yet he felt it his duty to select the one who appeared best qualified for the station.

repe'ti'tion, the act of repeating; a doing again.
cav'al cade, a procession of persons on horseback.
cym'bals, round musical instruments, used in pairs and clashed together to give a ringing sound.

or'de al, trial; test.
hu mil i a'tion, lowliness.
cav'al ry, mounted soldiery.
in'fan try, foot soldiers.
ev o lu'tions, military movements, as in drilling.

JUAN MANUEL, was a Spanish writer of the thirteenth century, and author of "El Conde Lucanor," a collection of stories, most of which are based on stories of the far East.

THE FAIRIES' PALACE

MICHAEL DRAYTON

THIS palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placèd there,
That it no tempest needs to fear,
Which way soe'er it blow it;
'Tis somewhat southward, toward the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the fairies can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs are made,
Well mortisèd and finely laid;
He was the master of his trade
That curiously it builded:
The windows are the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of slates,
'Tis covered with the skins of bats
With moonshine that are gilded.

THE FAIRY QUEEN'S CARRIAGE

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stayed,
For nought must be her letting.
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harness was of gossamer,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell
Which for the colors did excel,
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
 So lively was the limning.
The seat — the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a pied butterfly,
 I trow 'twas simple trimming.

THE FAIRY QUEEN'S FLIGHT

She mounts her chariot in a trice,
Nor would she stay there for advice,
Until her maids, that were so nice,
 To wait on her were fitted,
But ran away herself alone,
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hastened after to be gone
 As if she were dis-witted.

A FAIRY KNIGHT'S ARMOR AND HORSE

He quickly arms him for the field:
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
 Yet it could not be piercèd.
His spear, a straw both stiff and strong,
And well-nigh of two inches long;
The point was of a house-fly's tongue
 Whose sharpness nought reversèd.



THE FAIRY QUEEN

He puts him on a coat of mail
 Consisting of a fish's scale,
 That when his foe should him assail
 No point should be prevailing.
 His rapier was a hornet's sting —
 It was a very dangerous thing —
 For if it chanced to hurt the king,
 It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
 Most horrible and full of dread,
 Which able was to strike one dead —
 Yet did it well become him.
 And for a plume a horse's hair,
 Which, being tossèd in the air,
 Had force to strike his foe with fear
 And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set;
 Yet scarce he on his back could get,
 So oft and high he did curvet
 Ere he himself could settle.
 He made him turn and stop and bound,
 To gallop and to trot the round;
 He scarce could stand on any ground,
 He was so full of mettle.

nec'ro man cy, magic ; enchantment.	lim'ning, painting ; illuminating.
mor'tised, with beams fitted one into the other.	ra'pi er, sword.
let'ting, hindering (an old word).	ear'wig, a small insect.
	cur'vet, to leap ; bound.

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631) was a noted English poet.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

YOUNG readers are sometimes surprised to find that, while George Washington is always called the Father of his Country, Thomas Jefferson, the third President, is mentioned in books of history as the man who more than any one else formed its institutions and ways. This is easily explained.

Washington was first and chiefly a soldier, and had served with European soldiers. He liked formal ways, dignified uniforms, and even high-sounding titles. He thought that the President of the United States should be addressed as "Your Mightiness." He was driven to the Capitol in a six-horse coach with outriders. It was a great change from this way of doing things when Thomas Jefferson rode to the Capitol alone on horseback, dismounted, hitched his horse to a post, and then walked up the steps to be inaugurated as President of the United States.

Let us see how he came to be there. Jefferson was born at Shadwell, Virginia, afterward called Monticello, on April 2, 1783. He was the son of a rich planter, and he had the advantage over his fellow-statesmen of a better education in early life. He was not obliged to earn money, like Washington by surveying, or like Franklin by printing,

or like Adams by teaching a country school. He entered William and Mary College in Virginia, and he studied early the Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, and Italian languages. He was especially fond of mathematics; he enjoyed music and played the violin.

When Jefferson was twenty-two, he owned a library which had cost him more than one thousand dollars. This library was burned in his house at Shadwell; but later he went on purchasing books and had a large collection. At the time of his marriage, which occurred when he was twenty-nine years old, he owned nearly two thousand acres of land and forty or fifty slaves; and the widow whom he married owned one hundred and thirty-five slaves and forty thousand acres of land, inherited from her father.

Jefferson was bred a lawyer, and he went early into public life, taking an active part in all the excitement which preceded the American Revolution. His most important service in this connection was the framing of the Declaration of Independence, which prepared the way for making a few scattered colonies into a nation. Jefferson was also one of the men sent to Europe to arrange terms of peace for the new government, so that its liberty might be secured. He was made Vice-President of the United States under President Adams, who succeeded Washington; and in 1801 he became

President himself, and held the office for eight years.

This brings us to the time when he rode on horseback to the Capitol at Washington, to be inaugurated President, just as any Virginia farmer might ride to mill; instead of going in the style that Washington had adopted. It was now twelve years since Washington became President, and it is likely that Jefferson thought that Washington had gone a little too far in the direction of show and style. All that was well enough, he may have thought, when it was desirable to show the European nations that we could do such things with proper dignity.

In the same way Jefferson refused to have his birthday publicly celebrated, as those of Washington and Adams had been, and would not even let it be known when his birthday came. He would not have weekly receptions, as Washington had done, but opened his doors to all comers on New Year's Day and on the Fourth of July.

It is very likely that the President carried all this simplicity too far. He narrowly escaped getting into serious trouble with the foreign ambassadors because he would not allow them to be treated with any special attention at public dinners. "No man would come to a table," he said to the British minister, "where he was to be marked with inferiority to any one else." The British minister wrote home that it was "almost intolerable" that the President

should speak in this way. The French minister, too, wrote that all Washington was turned upside down. But this hard feeling passed away, and it is now generally agreed that Jefferson did well in aiming at simplicity of manners.

Jefferson's most important act in behalf of the country, after becoming President, was in making what was called the Louisiana Purchase. He took the responsibility of buying from the French government—that is, from Napoleon Bonaparte—in 1803, over a million (1,032,790) square miles of territory, more than doubling the whole area of the nation. The state which we now call Louisiana was but a small part of this, for the territory purchased stretched from Mexico on the south to the British possessions on the north, and extended from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains. The price paid for all this land was fifteen million dollars. Jefferson hesitated a good deal about making this purchase, for he was not quite sure that he as President had the right to make it, but at last the land was bought.

Another important order given by President Jefferson was that which sent some American men-of-war to rescue prisoners from the Barbary States on the Mediterranean Sea. These states used to capture American vessels and send their crews into slavery, to the number of thousands in all, so that millions of dollars were spent to ransom the pris-

oners. At last a treaty was made with these states by which the United States was to pay a sum of money for the protection of American vessels.

When at last the Barbary States broke the treaty, President Jefferson sent out four American ships, at a time when the whole navy consisted of only six. One of these very ships, the *Philadelphia*, was wrecked on the Barbary coast and its crew enslaved. But at length, through the bravery and skill of a young lieutenant named Decatur, piracy was utterly abolished in the Barbary States, so far as Americans were concerned.

Jefferson, although himself a slave-holder, was opposed to slavery, and would have freed his own slaves had the law permitted. It is pleasant to know that when he returned from Europe in 1789, after one of his absences, his slaves took him from his carriage and carried him to his house. When, during the American Revolution, the British general, Tarleton, took possession of Jefferson's plantation and carried away about thirty of his slaves, Jefferson wrote to his friends that "if this had been done to give the slaves freedom, he [Tarleton] would have done quite right." This saying, coming from a man who owned a great many slaves, shows plainly his personal generosity.

But Jefferson made himself unpopular in New England, because he secured the passing of a law called "The Embargo," by which he tried to protect

American vessels from England and France by forbidding them to go to sea at all. This law ruined many merchants and injured American commerce so much that the effect of it is felt to this day.

Daniel Webster, who saw Mr. Jefferson in his old age at Monticello, found him very different from any idea that he had previously formed of him. Mr. Webster says, "He was a tall, gaunt, light-haired, light-complexioned man, and not a person of impressive aspect."

Jefferson had very strong likes and dislikes, and was not at all careful in his statements about those who resisted him in politics. Nevertheless, he and President John Adams, who were strongly opposed to each other in early life, became warm friends before they died, and used to talk over their early contests with perfect good-nature. They died upon the same day, July 4, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of that Declaration of Independence which they had joined in preparing and carrying through. Both had rendered great service to their common country. But it was of Jefferson that Webster said, "He more deeply impressed himself upon the legislation and destinies of the country than any other man who had ever lived."

in fe ri or' i ty, a lower state or condition.

Bar'bar y States, a general name for the countries along the northern coast of Africa.

in tol' er able, not to be borne.

ran' som, to buy out of servitude.

treat' y, a contract or agreement between nations.

leg is la' tion, the making of laws.

SCROOGE AND MARLEY

CHARLES DICKENS

OLD MARLEY was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. There it stood years afterward, above the warehouse door—Scrooge & Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge & Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge.

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather—foggy withal—and he could hear the

people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones, to warm them. The city clocks had only just struck three, but it was quite dark already—it had not been light all day—and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without, that, although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, uncle!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure!"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? Out upon Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in them through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge, indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly run through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew, "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round — apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that — as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

"You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," said Scrooge. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow."

Scrooge said with force that he would not.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So, A Merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

"And A Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding.

In letting Scrooge's nephew out, the clerk had let two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"Scrooge & Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years," Scrooge replied. "He died seven years ago, this very night."

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge,"

said the gentleman, taking up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessities; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir."

"Are there no prisons?" asked Scrooge.

"Plenty of prisons," said the gentleman, laying down the pen again, "but under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude, a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!" Scrooge replied.

"You wish to be anonymous?"

"I wish to be left alone," said Scrooge. "Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned — they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die."

"If they would rather die," said Scrooge, "they had better do it, and decrease the surplus popula-

tion." Seeing that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew.

At length the hour for shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and it's not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound!"

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think *me* ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!" said Scrooge, buttoning his great-coat to the chin. "But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning."

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great-coat), went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas eve, and then ran home

to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blind man's buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of buildings up a yard, where it had so little business to be, that one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other houses, and have forgotten the way out again. It was old enough now, and dreary enough; for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices.

Now, it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact, that Scrooge had seen it night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London.

And yet it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change — not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face! It was not in a shadow, as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal

light about it. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot air; and, though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled, would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He *did* pause before he shut the door; and he *did* look cautiously behind it first, as if he half expected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door, except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on. So he said "Pooh, pooh!" and closed it with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall, and up the stairs; slowly, too; trimming his candle as he went.

Darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting-room, bed-room, lumber-room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table; nobody

under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; spoon and basin ready; and the little saucepan of gruel (Scrooge had a cold in his head) upon the hob. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in; which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat; put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his night-cap; and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

After several turns, he sat down again. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell that hung in the room and communicated for some purpose, now forgotten, with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange dread, that, as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This might have lasted half a minute, or a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased as they had begun, together. They were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below, as if some person were dragging a heavy chain in the cellar.

The cellar-door flew open with a booming sound,

and then he heard the noise much louder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight toward his door.

"It's humbug still!" said Scrooge. "I won't believe it."

His color changed though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried "I know him! Marley's ghost!" and fell again.

The same face; the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots. The chain he drew was long and wound about him like a tail; and it was made of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent; so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

"How now!" said Scrooge, cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much" — Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I *was*."

"Who *were* you then?" said Scrooge, raising his voice. "You're particular, for a shade." He was going to say, "*to* a shade," but substituted this, as more appropriate.

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you — can you sit down?" asked Scrooge.

"I can."

"Do it, then."

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair. But the Ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me," observed the Ghost.

"I don't," said Scrooge.

"What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your own senses?"

"I don't know," said Scrooge.

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because," said Scrooge, "a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are."

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel in his heart, by any means, waggish then. The truth is, that he tried to be smart, as a means of distracting his own attention, and keeping down his terror.

"Man of the worldly mind!" replied the Ghost, "do you believe in me or not?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the Ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death.

"Nor can I tell you what I would. A very little more is permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house — mark me! — in life my spirit never roved beyond our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

"Seven years dead," mused Scrooge. "And travelling all the time?"

"The whole time," said the Ghost. "No rest, no peace. Incessant torture of remorse."

"You travel fast?" said Scrooge.

"On the wings of the wind," replied the Ghost.

"You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years," said Scrooge.

The Ghost, on hearing this, set up another cry and clanked its chain.

"O! captive, bound, and double-ironed," cried the phantom, "not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Yet such was I! Oh, such was I!"

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

"Business!" cried the Ghost, wringing its hands again. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were all my business."

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the spectre going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"Hear me!" cried the Ghost. "My time is nearly gone."

"I will," said Scrooge. "But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Pray!"

"How it is that I appear before you in a shape that you can see, I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day."

It was not an agreeable idea. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"That is no light part of my penance," pursued the Ghost. "I am here to-night to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. "Thank'ee!"

"You will be haunted," resumed the Ghost, "by three Spirits."

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?" he demanded, in a faltering voice.

"It is."

"I — I think I'd rather not," said Scrooge.

"Without their visits," said the Ghost, "you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow, when the bell tolls One."

"Couldn't I take them all at once, and have it over, Jacob?" hinted Scrooge.

"Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third, upon the next night on the last stroke of Twelve. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

The apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that, when the spectre reached it, it was wide open.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. He tried to say "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or the dull conversation of the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, went straight to bed without undressing, and fell asleep upon the instant.

re plen'ish, to fill again.

in ti ma'tion, hint.

ven e ra'tion, respect.

a non'y mous, nameless.

tac'it ly, without speaking.

phe nom'e non, an unusual sight or event.

hob, the flat part of a fireplace on which things may be kept warm.

ledg'ers, account books.

ap pa ri'tion, ghost; phantom.

spec'tre, ghost; apparition.

fa tigues', toils; labors.

WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
To-whit, to-who, a merry note.

Then all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
To-whit, to-who, a merry note.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

— SHAKESPEARE.



"WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL"

BARTLE MASSEY'S NIGHT-SCHOOL

GEORGE ELIOT

BARTLE MASSEY'S was one of a few scattered houses on the edge of a common which was divided by the road to Treddleston. Adam reached it in a quarter of an hour after leaving the Hall farm; and when he had his hand on the door latch he could see, through the curtainless window, that there were eight or nine heads bending over the desks, lighted by thin dips.

When he entered, a reading lesson was going forward, and Bartle Massey merely nodded, leaving him to take his place where he pleased. It was a scene which Adam had beheld almost weekly for years. He knew by heart every arabesque flourish in the framed specimen of Bartle Massey's handwriting which hung over the schoolmaster's head, by way of keeping a lofty ideal before the minds of his pupils.

He knew the backs of all the books on the shelf running along the whitewashed wall above the pegs for the slates. He knew exactly how many grains were gone out of the ear of Indian corn that hung from one of the rafters. From the place where he sat, he could make nothing of the old map of England that hung against the opposite wall, for age had turned it to a fine yellow-brown.

The drama that was going on was almost as familiar as the scene. Nevertheless habit had not made him indifferent to it, and even in his present self-absorbed mood Adam felt a stirring of the old fellow-feeling as he looked at the rough men painfully holding pen or pencil with their cramped hands, or humbly laboring through their reading lesson.

The reading class now seated on the form in front of the schoolmaster's desk, consisted of the three most backward pupils. Adam would have known it only by seeing Bartle Massey's face as he looked over his spectacles, which he had shifted to the ridge of his nose, not requiring them for present purposes. The face wore its mildest expression; the grizzled, bushy eyebrows had taken their more acute angle of compassionate kindness, and the mouth was relaxed so as to be able to speak a hopeful word or syllable in a moment.

This gentle expression was the more interesting because the schoolmaster's nose, an irregular aquiline, twisted a little on one side, had rather a formidable character. His brow, moreover, had that peculiar tension which is a sign of a keen, impatient temperament; the blue veins stood out like cords under the transparent skin, and this brow was softened by no tendency to baldness, for the gray bristly hair, cut down to about an inch in length, stood round it in as close ranks as ever.

"Nay, Bill, nay," Bartle was saying in a kind tone, as he nodded to Adam, "begin that again, and then, perhaps, it'll come to you what *dry*, spells. It's the same lesson you read last week, you know."

"Bill" was a sturdy fellow, aged four-and-twenty, an excellent stone-sawyer, who could get as good wages as any man in the trade of his years; but he found a reading lesson in words of one syllable a harder matter to deal with than the hardest stone he had ever had to saw. The letters, he complained, were so "uncommon alike, there was no tellin' 'em one from another," the sawyer's business not being concerned with minute differences such as exist between a letter with its tail turned up and a letter with its tail turned down.

So here he was, pointing his big finger toward three words at once, and turning his head on one side that he might keep better hold with his eye of the one word which was to be discriminated out of the group. The amount of knowledge Bartle Massey must possess was something so dim and vast that Bill's imagination recoiled before it; he would hardly have ventured to deny that the school-master might have something to do in bringing about the regular return of daylight and the changes in the weather.

The man seated next to Bill was of a very different type; he was a brickmaker, who, after spend-

ing thirty years of his life in perfect satisfaction with his ignorance, had lately been seized with a desire to read. But with him, too, learning was a heavy business, and on his way out to-night he had offered as usual a special prayer for help, seeing that he had undertaken this hard task with a single eye to the nourishment of his soul.

The third beginner was a much more promising pupil. He was a tall but thin and wiry man, with a very pale face, and hands stained a deep blue. He was a dyer, who, in the course of dipping homespun wool, was fired with the ambition to learn a great deal more about the strange secrets of color.

He had already a high reputation in the district for his dyes, and he was bent on discovering some method by which he could reduce the expense of crimsons and scarlets. The druggist at Treddleston had given him a notion that he might save himself a great deal of labor and expense if he could learn to read, and so he had begun to give his spare hours to the night-school.

It was touching to see these three big men, with the marks of their hard labor upon them, anxiously bending over the worn books, and painfully making out, "The grass is green," "The sticks are dry," "The corn is ripe"—a very hard lesson to pass to after columns of single words all alike except in the first letter. It was almost as if three rough animals

were making humble efforts to learn how they might become human.

And it touched the tenderest fibre in Bartle Massey's nature, for such full-grown children as these were the only pupils for whom he had no severe epithets, and no impatient tones. He was not gifted with an even temper, and on music nights it was apparent that patience could never be an easy virtue to him. But this evening, as he glances over his spectacles at Bill Downes, the sawyer, who is turning his head on one side with a desperate sense of blankness before the letters, *d-r-y*, his eyes shed their mildest and most encouraging light.

After the reading class, two youths, between sixteen and nineteen, came up with imaginary bills of parcels, which they had been writing out on their slates, and were now required to calculate "off-hand" — a test which they stood with such imperfect success that Bartle Massey, whose eyes had been glaring at them threateningly through his spectacles for some minutes, at length burst out in a bitter high-pitched tone, pausing between his sentences to rap the floor with a knobbed stick which rested between his feet.

"Now, you see, you don't do this thing a bit better than you did a fortnight ago; and I'll tell you what's the reason. You want to learn accounts; that's well and good. But you think all you need do to learn accounts is to come to me and do sums

for an hour or so, two or three times a week; and no sooner do you get your caps on and turn out of doors again, than you sweep the whole thing clean out of your mind. You go whistling about, and take no more care what you're thinking of than if your heads were gutters for any rubbish that happened to be in the way, and if you get a good notion in 'em, it's pretty soon washed out again.

"You think knowledge is to be had cheap—you'll come and pay Bartle Massey sixpence a week, and he'll make you clever at figures without your taking any trouble. But knowledge isn't to be had by paying sixpence, let me tell you. If you're to know figures, you must turn 'em over in your own heads, and keep your thoughts on 'em. There's nothing you can't turn into a sum, for there's nothing but what has number in it—even a fool. You may say to yourselves, 'I'm one fool and Jack's another; if my fool's head weighed four pounds and Jack's three pounds three ounces and three-quarters, how much heavier would my head be than Jack's?'

"A man that has his heart in learning figures would make sums for himself and work 'em in his head. When he sat at his shoemaking, he'd count his stitches by fives, and then put a price on his stitches, say half a farthing, and then see how much money he could get in an hour; and then ask himself how much money he'd get in a day at that rate; and then how much ten workmen would get working three, or

twenty, or a hundred years at that rate — and all the while his needle would be going just as fast as if he left his head empty.

“ But the long and short of it is — I’ll have nobody in my night-school that doesn’t strive to learn what he came to learn, as hard as if he were striving to get out of a dark hole into broad daylight. I’ll send no man away because he is stupid; if Billy Taft, the idiot, wanted to learn anything, I’d not refuse to teach him. But I’ll not throw away good knowledge on people who think they can get it by the six-pennyworth, and carry it away with them as they would an ounce of snuff. So never come to me again, if you can’t show that you have been working with your own heads, instead of thinking you can pay mine to work for you. That’s the last word I have to say to you.”

With this final sentence, Bartle Massey gave a sharper rap than ever with his knobbed stick.

dips, tallow candles.

ar a besque', in the Arabian style, fanciful.

com pas'sion ate, tender, pitiful.

tem'per a ment, nature ; disposition.

ep i thets, expressions of blame.

aq'ui line, hooked, like an eagle's beak.

for'mi da ble, causing fear ; dreadful.

dis crim'i nated, set apart as being different from others.

MARY ANN EVANS (CROSS) (1819-1880), was an English novelist who wrote under the name of George Eliot. The extract here given is from “Adam Bede.” Her “Silas Marner,” and “The Mill on the Floss” are also of remarkable interest.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

ONE day, when I was about nineteen years old, I was dining at a restaurant in Boston, when some one near me suddenly said, "There is Whittier!" I saw before me a tall, slender man, with olive complexion, black hair, straight black eyebrows, and brilliant eyes; this was Whittier the poet, then thirty-five years old.

All my appetite vanished. I knew many of his poems by heart, and I was resolved to speak to him. As he rose from the table, I went up to him and said, with a boyish awkwardness and shyness, "I should like to shake hands with the author of 'Massachusetts to Virginia.'"

The poet looked up as if a little frightened, for he was then, as all through his life, one of the shyest of men. Then he smiled kindly and said briefly, "Thy name, friend?" I gave it, we shook hands, and that was all. But for me the incident was like touching a hero's shield; and though I afterward knew Whittier very well and saw and talked with him many times, I never could forget the pleasure of that first boyish interview.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born in Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807. His ancestor, Thomas W. Whittier, was of Huguenot (that is, French Prot-

estant) descent, and had sailed from Southampton for America in 1638. He was then eighteen years old and weighed three hundred pounds, being also very strong. Of the ten children that he afterwards had, the five boys were each over six feet tall.

John Greenleaf, his descendant, was not quite so tall as this, and never physically strong; yet he was brought up to hard work on the farm. Every day he milked seven cows, and tended a horse, two oxen, and some sheep. He has given us a description of the days of his early boyhood in his poem called "The Barefoot Boy." Every schoolboy should know this whole poem by heart.

Whittier sent his first attempt at verse, signed simply by the initial W., to a weekly newspaper, the *Free Press*, published in Newburyport. Mr. Garrison, the editor, was so impressed with this first poem, called "The Exile's Departure," that he wished to discover who had written it. He finally found out one day from the postman (or post-rider as he was then called, for the mail was carried on horseback in those days, and not on foot as it is now) that the writer was a young Quaker lad of seventeen, working at a shoemaker's bench at East Haverhill.

Garrison immediately jumped into a carriage and drove to see the young poet. Whittier, when summoned, came into the room blushing like a girl, and even afraid to speak. Garrison spoke some kind words of encouragement to the boy, and begged his

father and mother to send him to school, and to do everything that they could to make it possible for him to keep on writing.

Now the elder Whittier did not object to his son's writing poetry, — in fact, he was rather proud of it; but he had very little money, and found it difficult to keep his large family clothed and fed. Even the little money which John earned at the shoemaker's bench helped the family along, and the father did not see where the money was to come from to send the boy to school.

By and by, however, the editor of the *Haverhill Gazette*, Mr. A. W. Thayer, offered to let the boy come and live in his family while he was attending Haverhill Academy. This arrangement was finally agreed to, and John earned the money to pay for his schooling by doing extra work on a kind of slipper that had just been invented. He was very careful in money matters, and reckoned his expenses so closely that he planned to have twenty-five cents left at the end of the year, and he had it.

After leaving the academy, Whittier became editor of a paper called the *American Manufacturer*. He earned nine dollars a week, half of which went toward paying off the mortgage on his father's farm.

When he was twenty-four years old the first volume of his poems was published. It was called "Legends of New England." The poet afterward disliked this book so much that he sometimes used

to buy volumes at five dollars a copy, so that he could burn them. The poems were rather commonplace, and not very interesting.

Whittier's interests at this time were equally divided between literature and politics. Some of his friends wished to nominate him for Congress, but as he had not yet reached the required age, twenty-five years, he was obliged to refuse the honor. It was shortly before this that he became very much interested in the antislavery movement—that is, the effort to make the negroes free men and women. Though his Quaker training made him dread and disapprove of war, he did everything in his power to help the cause by peaceful means. In the time of certain riots which grew out of the antislavery movement, though he was often in the thick of the danger, he always refused to arm himself; but he would assist his friends to arm themselves if they wished.

As Whittier's fame as a poet increased, he was constantly receiving letters from all over the country praising his poems extravagantly. These letters embarrassed him greatly. He was all his life shy and reserved, yet he had a strong sense of humor.

He was never married. In the latter part of his life the poet suffered a great deal from illness. At times it seemed almost impossible for him to sleep, and he used to say that he had rarely missed seeing a sunrise for forty years.

Whittier has left some seven volumes of collected works. Most of his poems are written in a very simple metre, and this fact has led some people to think that the poet lacked a musical ear, because of the strictness of his Quaker training, which allowed no music of any sort. Whittier often felt this lack of music in himself, and this feeling made it harder for him to put melody into his poems; yet sometimes they have a good deal of this fine quality.

Whittier was very much a poet of "out-of-doors." That is, he liked to write about outdoor things, and did this much better and more naturally than most poets of his time, because he knew about the outdoor life from personal experience, whereas the others usually did not. For instance, Longfellow described the country exquisitely; as a clever writer he was able to put down what he saw, but he stood apart from country life, a city-bred man. Lowell also, in spite of his capital studies of Yankee life in the country, yet never quite entered into it himself. But Whittier was born and bred on a farm, and as Edmund Clarence Stedman said of him, "Whittier is always the boy poet of the Essex farm, however advanced in years and fame."

Whittier himself says, in speaking of rural poetry, "He who would successfully strive for it must be himself the thing he sings, one who has added to his booklore . . . the rugged toil, the hearty amusements, the trials and pleasures, he describes."

Whittier is perhaps more clearly a writer of ballads than any other one of our poets. A fine example of his ballad writing is "Cassandra Southwick," which tells in a stirring way of a young Quaker girl sentenced to be sold as a slave on account of her religion.

In his poems of the sea, Whittier makes himself as much a part of the life of the sea as he makes himself a part of the country in his rural poetry. Perhaps one reason for this sympathetic quality in the sea poetry is that he was born and brought up very near the sea. A boy living by the sea quickly gets under the influence of the great ocean; it grows to seem almost like a living creature to him, so many and changing are its moods. This sympathy with the changing waters which grew up in the boy Whittier remained with him when he was a man. It makes his sea poems so real that one can almost smell the salt as one reads.

But, after all, it is his poems of home and everyday life which Whittier's readers enjoy the most, and it is a curious thing that these poems are those most read and enjoyed in England, where the home life is quite different from ours.

The poet died on September 4, 1892, peacefully and happily, saying in a low voice more than once on the last day of his life, "Love to all the world."

mort'gage, a pledge for the payment of debt. | ex'qui site ly, in a rare or perfect manner.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,

Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood ;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground mole sinks his well ;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung ;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground nut trails its vine,
Where the wood grape's clusters shine ;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans ! —
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks ;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees ;
For my sport the squirrel played,



THE BAREFOOT BOY

Plied the snouted mole his spade ;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone ;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall ;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides !
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too,
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread, —
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone gray and rude !
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.

I was monarch : pomp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can !
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.
 All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil,
 Up and down in ceaseless moil :
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground ;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
 Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

es chew', shun; avoid.

ar chi tec'tur al, relating to building.

apples of Hs per'i des, an old myth
 tells that three sisters, called the
 Hesperides, were set by Juno to
 guard some apples of pure gold.

ar'ti san, workman.

Chinese toy, the Chinese toy is often
 composed of many parts and is
 hard to understand or to put
 together.

pied, spotted.

INDIAN SUMMER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

FROM gold to gray
 Our mild sweet day
 Of Indian summer fades too soon ;
 But tenderly
 Above the sea
 Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.

In its pale fire,
 The village spire
 Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance;
 The painted walls
 Whereon it falls
 Transfigured stand in marble trance !

zo'di ac, the so-called zodiacal light, sometimes seen near the horizon just after twilight or before dawn. | **trans fig'ured**, changed in appearance.

THE POET'S REWARD

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THANKS untraced to lips unknown
 Shall greet me like the odors blown
 From unseen meadows newly mown,
 Or lilies floating in some pond,
 Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond ;

The traveller owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.

THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG

CHARLES LAMB

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration.

gration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with a cottage (a sorry makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-born pigs, no less than nine in number, perished.

China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, — which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, — as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? — not from the burnt cottage — he had smelt that smell before; indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower.

He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come

away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling*! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit.

The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelled so, and the pig that tasted so delicious. Surrendering himself to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with cūdgel. Finding how affairs stood, he began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should have a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly "rending it asunder," thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat, the burnt pig, father, only taste!"—with such barbarous cries, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster. But the crackling scorched his fingers, as it had done his son's; and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some

would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and the father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprit stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and the jury all handled it. They all burned their fingers as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompted to each of them the same remedy. Against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the unfairness of the decision; and when the court was dismissed went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the

district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop.

People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal might be cooked (burned as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it.

Then first began the rude form of gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

Ab ys sin'i a , a country of eastern Africa.	mast , acorns.
Con fu'ci us , the greatest Chinese philosopher and teacher.	con fla gra'tion , an extended fire.
Mun'dane Mu ta'tions , earthly changes.	con ster na'tion , great alarm.
golden age , a fabled early age of simplicity, goodness, and happiness.	ob nox'ious , offensive, hateful.
	priv'i ly , secretly.
	spit , a pointed rod for holding meat while roasting.

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834) was an English poet and essayist. His fame rests chiefly upon his "Essays of Elia," and "Tales from Shakespeare."

FEAR to do base, unworthy things, is valor!
 I never thought an angry person valiant;
 Virtue is never aided by a vice. — BEN JONSON.

ROBIN HOOD

ROBIN HOOD was an outlaw and robber, who lived more than five hundred years ago in the depths of Sherwood Forest in England. He was chief over a company of similar fellows—some people say as many as a hundred. A great number of the most popular English ballads make Robin Hood their hero, and recount his lawless pranks and daring deeds. Among his constant companions in the life “under the greenwood tree,” were Little John, Friar Tuck, and Nick, the miller’s son,—not to forget the Maid Marian.

Though a robber and highwayman, Robin Hood had good and generous qualities which made the common people admire him and even love him. He was the best archer in the world, for his arrow never missed its aim. He was entirely without fear, and was believed more than once to have attacked, single-handed, four knights at a time, and to have overcome them; a victory over two knights was a small matter with him.

He had many disguises, but was most often clad in green, with his hunter’s horn and his bow and arrows, or else he appeared as a simple yeoman. His heart was not cruel; he never killed people except in self-defence. He was jovial and kindly, and often gave to the poor what he took from the rich.

But if Robin Hood had been nothing more than an outlaw and a robber, it is not likely that he would ever have won that romantic glory which came very early to be associated with his name. It is probable that he was driven to the free, wild life which he led by some political event which made it natural for him to become the knight of the lower classes.

The following account of Robin Hood's skill with the bow and arrow is from Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe." The scene is laid in England at the time when John had wrongfully taken the throne from his brother, King Richard the Lion-hearted, while the latter was away on a crusade. Richard has returned, and, in disguise, is looking on at the entertainments given by John. Robin Hood makes his appearance at the trial of archers, under the name of Locksley. On the previous day he had given offence to John, who cannot see through Robin's disguise, but thinks him some blunt and ignorant yeoman.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE ARCHERS

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle horn, mounted with silver, and a silken baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of Saint Hubert, the patron of sylvan sport. More

than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors.

Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long-bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry-men as stand yonder."

"Under favor, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing defeat and disgrace."

"What is thy other reason?" said Prince John.

"Because," replied the woodsman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John colored as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou locest it, thou shalt be

stripped and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your Grace's power, supported as it is by so many men at arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refuseth my fair proffer," said the prince, "the provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hu-

bert, a forester, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune, on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good longbow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow with the arrow placed on the string.

At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre or grasping place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow

whistled through the air and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his opponent, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger.

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonder-

ful skill that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor.

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the north country, and welcome every brave yeoman to try a shot at it."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please — I go but to cut a rod from the next willow bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" from the multitude induced him to alter his purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used was to put shame upon his skill.

"For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at fivescore yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver

before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life — and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers. A man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with care, and the multitude waited in silence.

The archer justified their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of shouts followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person.



ROBIN HOOD AND THE ARCHERS

"These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own. We will make them fifty if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our bodyguard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that if ever I take service it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

re sent'ment, anger.

pop'u lace, the crowd of people.

bal'dric, a broad belt worn over one shoulder and across the breast.

prov'ost, one who superintends.

mer'ry men, archers; a name given to Robin Hood and his followers.

no'bles, the noble was an old English gold coin, worth about \$1.60.

try conclusions, to make a trial.

yeo'man, a freeman, but of humble birth.

sith, an old word meaning since.

an, if, used by old English writers.

Hast'ings, the battle of Hastings, Oct. 14, 1066, in which William the Conqueror defeated the English.

buc'klers, shields.

jer'kin, a jacket or short coat.

whit'tle, a pocket knife.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832) was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. His novels and poems are among the most popular in all English literature. "The Lady of the Lake," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth" and "The Talisman," are works that all young people should read.

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN A DALE

An old manuscript relates how Robin Hood one day met Allin a Dale "as he walked solitary and like to a man forlorn, because a maid to whom he was to be married was taken from him by the violence of her friends and given to another that was old and wealthy. Whereupon Robin, understanding when the marriage day should be, came to the church as a beggar, and having his company not far off, which came in as soon as they heard the sound of his horn, he took the bride by force from him that was on hand to have married her, and caused the priest to wed her and Allin a Dale together."

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
Then was he ware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gray,
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood,
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he spy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before,
It was clean cast away ;
And every step he fetched a sigh,
" Alack and well a day ! "

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Nick, the miller's son,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he saw them come.

" Stand off, stand off," the young man said,
" What is your will with me ? "
" You must come before our master straight
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
" O hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me ? "

" I have no money," the young man said,
" But five shillings and a ring ;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

" Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she is now from me ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

“What is thy name?” then said Robin Hood,
“Come tell me without any fail:”
“By the faith of my body,” then said the young man,
“My name it is Allin a Dale.”

“What wilt thou give me,” said Robin Hood,
“In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true-love again,
And deliver her unto thee?”

“I have no money,” then quoth the young man,
“No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be.”

“How many miles is it to thy true-love?
Come tell me without any guile:”
“By the faith of my body,” then said the young man,
“It is but five little mile.”

Then Robin he hastened over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allin should keep his wedding.

“What dost thou here?” the bishop he said,
“I prithee now tell to me:”
“I am a bold harper,” quoth Robin Hood,
“And the best in the north country.”

“O welcome, O welcome,” the bishop he said,
“That music best pleaseth me;”
“You shall have no music,” quoth Robin Hood,
“Till the bride and bridegroom I see.”

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old,
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like glistening gold.

“This is no fit match,” quoth bold Robin Hood,
“That you do seem to make here;
For since we are come into the church,
The bride she shall choose her own dear.”

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four and twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all in a row,
The first man was Allin a Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

“This is thy true-love,” Robin he said,
“Young Allin, as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time,
Before we depart away.”

"That shall not be," the bishop he said,
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began for to laugh;
He asked them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid," then said Little John;
Quoth Robin, "That do I,
And he that doth take her from Allin a Dale
Full dearly he shall her buy."

And thus having ended this merry wedding,
The bride looked as fresh as a queen,
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

stint, stop entirely.
lin, rest.

fin'i kin, dainty.
glis'ter ing, glittering.

HE who is good at making excuses is seldom good
for anything else. — FRANKLIN.

DOUBTING CASTLE

JOHN BUNYAN

This passage comes from "The Pilgrim's Progress," a famous story in which the author shows through what trials and with what help a good man goes on his way through life. The pilgrims' experiences at Doubting Castle teach the blessings of cheerfulness and hope.

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds.

Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bade them awake and asked them whence they were and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims and that they had lost their way. Then said the Giant, "You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me."

So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault. The Giant therefore drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or

any person to ask how they did. In this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his counsel that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So he told his wife what he had done, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best do further with them? So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound? and he told her. Then she counselled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without mercy.

So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating them as if they were dogs. Then he fell upon them and beat them fearfully in such sort that they were not able to help themselves or to turn upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress.

The next night she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves.

So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that since they were

never likely to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison; for why, said he, should you choose to live, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?

But they desired him to let them go. With that, he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands. Wherefore he withdrew and left them as before to consider what to do.

Towards evening the Giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there, he found them alive, and truly, alive was all. For now, for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe.

But, I say, he found them alive, at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born. At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the Giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no.

Now the Giant's wife asked him concerning the

prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, "They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves."

Then said she, "Take them into the castle yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already despatched; and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt tear them in pieces as thou hast done their fellows before them."

So when the morning was come, the Giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle yard and shows them as his wife had bidden him.

"These," said he, "were once pilgrims as you are, and they trespassed on my grounds as you have done, and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again!" and with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay therefore all day on Saturday in lamentable case as before.

Now, when night was come, Mistress Diffidence and her husband the Giant began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and the old Giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied: —

"I fear," said she, "that they live in hopes that some will come to relieve them; or that they have

pick-locks about them, by means of which they hope to escape."

"And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the Giant;
"I will therefore search them in the morning."

Well, on Saturday about midnight they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out into this passionate speech:—

"What a fool," quoth he, "am I to lie in a dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle."

Then said Hopeful, "That's good news; good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt as he turned the key gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle yard, and with his key opened that door also. After that he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went hard, yet the key did open it.

Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed, but that gate as it opened made such a creaking, that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs

to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the king's highway, and so were safe.

Now when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many therefore that followed after read what was written and escaped the danger.

Dif'fi dence, distrust ; want of confidence.
con dole', to grieve over.

lam'en ta ble, sorrowful, miserable.
Cel es'tial Coun'try, heaven.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688) was an English tinker who afterward became a clergyman. He spent twelve years in prison, where he was confined because of his religious views and his methods of making them known. While in Bedford jail he wrote his immortal allegory, "The Pilgrim's Progress."

NEITHER a borrower nor a lender be :
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, — to thine own self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

— SHAKESPEARE.

THE BUGLE SONG

ALFRED TENNYSON

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED TENNYSON was one of the greatest poets of the last century. He was born in England in 1809, and died in 1892. He was poet-laureate for forty-two years. His verse is noted for its perfect form and melody. "The Bugle Song" is from "The Princess," a poem which contains other very beautiful songs.

THE VALUE OF LITTLE THINGS

SAMUEL SMILES

UNFAILING attention and painstaking industry mark the true worker. The greatest men are not those who "despise the day of small things," but those who improve them the most carefully.

Michael Angelo was one day explaining to a visitor at his studio what he had been doing upon a statue since his last visit. "I have retouched this part — polished that — softened this feature — brought out that muscle — given some expression to this lip, and more energy to that limb." "But these are trifles," remarked the visitor. "It may be so," replied the sculptor; "but remember that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

It was said of Nicolas Poussin, the painter, that the rule of his conduct was that "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." When a friend asked him, late in life, why he had become so famous among the painters of Italy, Poussin answered, "Because I have neglected nothing."

The difference between men consists largely in the way in which they observe. The Russian proverb says of the man who is not observing, "He goes through the forest and sees no firewood." "The wise man's eyes are in his head," says Solomon, "but the fool walketh in darkness." It is

the mind that sees as well as the eye. Where unthinking gazers observe nothing, men who look carefully see into the very root of what is going on around them; they are careful in noting differences, making comparisons, and seeing the true, deep meaning of everything.

Many men before Galileo had seen a hanging weight swing before their eyes with a measured beat; but he was the first to discover the value of the fact. One of the workmen in the cathedral at Pisa, after filling with oil a lamp which hung from the roof, left it swinging to and fro. Galileo, then only eighteen years old, watched it carefully, and finally thought of applying the principle to the measurement of time. But he studied the idea and labored over it fifty years before he completed the invention of the pendulum. This invention, for the measurement of time and for the uses of astronomy, is one of the most important ever made.

While Captain (afterward Sir Samuel) Brown was studying the building of bridges, with the view of contriving a cheap one to be thrown across the River Tweed, near which he lived, he was walking in his garden one dewy autumn morning. There he saw a tiny spider's net suspended across his path. The idea at once came to him that a bridge of iron ropes or chains might be made in the same way, and the result was the invention of his suspension bridge.

It is the watchful eye of the careful observer which gives apparently trivial things their value. So small a matter as the sight of seaweed floating past his ship helped Columbus to put down the mutiny which arose among his sailors because they had not discovered land, and to show them that the New World was not far off. There is nothing so small that it should remain forgotten; and no fact so trifling but may prove useful in some way if understood.

Who would have thought that the famous chalk cliffs of England had been built up by tiny insects, seen only by the aid of the microscope? Little creatures of about the same kind have built many islands of coral in the sea. And who that sees such tremendous results arising from such very tiny causes can doubt the power of little things?

The close observation of little things is the secret of success in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit in life. Human knowledge is only a collection of small facts, made by one generation of men after another. The little bits of knowledge and experience have been carefully treasured up until at length they have grown into a mighty pyramid.

<p>Mi'cha el An'ge lo (1474-1563), an Italian painter, sculptor, and architect. He designed St. Peter's church in Rome—the most magnificent church in the world.</p>	<p>ca the'dral, a large church; the church of a bishop.</p>
<p>sculp'tor, one who carves statues.</p>	<p>mu'ti ny, an uprising against a rightful ruler or officer.</p>
	<p>Pi'sa (Pe'za), a city in Italy.</p>

SAMUEL SMILES is an English writer, born in 1812. His best known books are "Self-Help," "Duty," and "Character."

ROBINSON CRUSOE BRINGS SUPPLIES FROM THE WRECK

DANIEL DEFOE

In his "Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," Defoe tells the story of a young man who was so eager for adventure that he ran away to sea. The slave-ship on which he embarked was wrecked, and every man on board was drowned except himself. He had the good fortune to be washed ashore upon an uninhabited island, where he was compelled to remain for many years. Our story begins on the morning after the shipwreck.

WHEN I waked it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before. But that which surprised me most was, that the ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay by the swelling of the tide, and was driven up almost as far as the rock which I first mentioned, where I had been so bruised by being dashed against it. This being within about a mile from the shore where I was, and the ship seeming to stand upright still, I wished myself on board, that at least I might have some necessary things for my use.

A little after noon I found the sea very calm and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. I saw evidently that if we had kept on board we had been all safe—that is to say, we had all got safe on shore, and I had not been so miserable as to be left entirely

destitute of all comfort and company as I now was. This forced tears from my eyes again, but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship; so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was hot to extremity, and took the water.

But when I came to the ship, my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board. For as she lay aground and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of. I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of rope hanging down by the fore-chains so low that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope got up into the fore-castle of the ship. Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold, but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, and her stern lay lifted up upon the bank, and her head low almost to the water.

By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to search and to see what was spoiled and what was free. And first I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water, and being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread-room and filled my pockets with biscuits, and ate as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. Now I wanted nothing but a boat to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had, and this extremity roused my application. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with these, and flung as many of them overboard as I could manage of their weight, tying every one with a rope that they might not drive away.

When this was done, I went down the ship's side, and pulling them to me, I tied four of them fast together at both ends as well as I could, in the form of a raft, and laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light. So I went to work, and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare topmast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labor and pains.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea. But I was not long considering this. I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft.

The first of these I filled with provisions—namely, bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried

goat's flesh, which we lived much upon, and a little remainder of European corn which had been laid by for some fowls which we brought to sea with us; but the fowls were killed. There had been some barley and wheat together, but to my great disappointment I found afterward that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all.

While I was doing this I found the tide began to flow, though very calm, and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore upon the sand, swim away; as for my breeches, which were only linen and open-kneed, I swam on board in them and my stockings. However, this put me upon rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon — as, first, tools to work with on shore, and it was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was indeed a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a ship loading of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols; these I secured first, with some powder-horns, and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but I knew not where

our gunner had stowed them ; but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good, though the third had taken water. Those two I got to my raft with the arms ; and now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, nor rudder, and the least capful of wind would have overset all my navigation.

I had three encouragements, — first, a smooth, calm sea ; second, the tide rising and setting in to the shore ; third, what little wind there was blew me toward the land. And thus having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, and besides the tools which were in the chest, two saws, an axe, and a hammer, with this cargo I put to sea. For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, only that I found it drove a little distant from the place where I had landed before ; by which I perceived that there was some indraught of the water, and consequently I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo.

As I imagined, so it was. There appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it ; so I guided my raft as well as I could to keep in the middle of the stream. But here I had like to have suffered a second shipwreck, which if I had, I think verily would have broken my heart ; for, knowing nothing



ROBINSON CRUSOE AND HIS RAFT

of the coast, my raft ran aground at one end of it upon a shoal, and not being aground at the other end, it wanted but a little that all my cargo had slipped off toward that end that was afloat, and so fallen into the water.

I did my utmost, by setting my back against the chests, to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength, neither durst I stir from the posture I was in. Holding up the chests with all my might, I stood in that manner near half an hour, in which time the rising of the water brought me a little more upon a level. A little after, the water still rising, my raft floated again, and I thrust her off with the oar I had into the channel, and then driving up higher, I at length found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides, and a strong current or tide running up.

I looked on both sides for a proper place to get to shore, for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river, hoping in time to see some ship at sea, and therefore resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could.

At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which with great pain and difficulty I guided my raft, and at last got so near that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in. But here I had like to have dipped all my cargo in the sea again; for that shore lying

pretty steep—that is to say, sloping—there was no place to land, but where one end of my float, if it ran on shore, would lie so high, and the other sink so low, that it would endanger my cargo again.

All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping the raft with my oar like an anchor to hold the side of it fast to the shore, near a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would flow over; and so it did. As soon as I found water enough—for my raft drew about a foot of water—I thrust her upon that flat piece of ground, and there fastened or moored her by sticking my two broken oars into the ground, one on one side near one end, and one on the other side near the other end; and thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

My next work was to view the country, and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was I knew not, whether on the continent or on an island, whether inhabited or not inhabited, whether in danger of wild beasts or not. There was a hill not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills which lay as in a ridge from it northward.

I took out one of the fowling-pieces and one of the pistols, and a horn of powder, and thus armed

I travelled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had with great labor and difficulty got to the top, I saw my fate, to my great affliction — namely, that I was in an island environed every way with the sea, no land to be seen, except some rocks which lay a great way off, and two small islands, less than this, which lay about three leagues to the west. I found also that the island I was in was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited, except by wild beasts — of whom, however, I saw none. Yet I saw an abundance of fowls, but knew not their kinds, neither when I killed them could I tell what was fit for food.

At my coming back, I shot at a great bird which I saw sitting upon a tree on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, than from all the parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls of many sorts, making a confused screaming, and crying every one according to his usual note; but not one of them of any kind that I knew.

I came back to my raft, and fell to work to bring my cargo on shore, which took me the rest of that day. And what to do with myself at night I knew not, nor indeed where to rest; for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me, though, as I afterward found, there was really no need for those fears.

However, as well as I could, I barricadoed myself round with the chests and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of hut for that night's lodging. As for food, I yet saw not which way to supply myself, except that I had seen two or three creatures like hares run out of the wood where I shot the fowl.

I now began to consider that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails, and such other things as might come to land. I resolved to make another voyage on board the vessel, if possible; and as I knew that the first storm that blew must necessarily break her all in pieces, I resolved to set all other things apart, till I got everything out of the ship that I could get.

Then I called a council—that is to say, in my thoughts—whether I should take back the raft; but this appeared impracticable. So I resolved to go as before, when the tide was down; and I did so, only that I stripped before I went from my hut, having nothing on but a checkered shirt, and a pair of linen drawers, and a pair of pumps on my feet.

I got on board the ship as before, and prepared a second raft; and having had experience of the first, I neither made this so unwieldy nor loaded it so hard, but yet I brought away several things very useful to me. At first, in the carpenter's stores, I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a

dozen or two of hatchets, and, above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone.

All these I secured together, with several things belonging to the gunner, particularly two or three iron crows, and two barrels of musket bullets, seven muskets, and another fowling-piece, with some small quantity of powder more, a large bag full of small shot, and a great roll of sheet lead. But this last was so heavy I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side.

Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find, and a spare fore-topsail, a hammock, and some bedding; and with this I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safe on shore, to my very great comfort.

I was under some apprehensions during my absence from the land that at least my provisions might be devoured on shore. But when I came back I found no sign of any visitor, only there sat a creature like a wild cat upon one of the chests, which, when I came toward it, ran away a little distance, and then stood still. She sat very composed and unconcerned, and looked full in my face, as if she had a mind to be acquainted with me.

I presented my gun at her, but as she did not understand it, she was perfectly unconcerned, nor did she offer to stir away. Upon which I tossed her a bit of biscuit — though, by the way, I was not very free of it, for my store was not great. How-

ever, I spared her a bit, I say, and she went to it, smelled of it, and ate it, and looked, as pleased, for more; but I thanked her, and could spare no more. So she marched off.

Having got my second cargo on shore, though I was fain to open the barrels of powder, and bring them by parcels—for they were too heavy, being large casks—I went to work to make me a little tent with the sail and some poles which I cut for that purpose. Into this tent I brought everything that I knew would spoil either with rain or sun, and I piled all the empty chests and casks up in a circle round the tent, to fortify it from any sudden attempt either from man or beast.

When I had done this, I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards within, and an empty chest set up on end without. Spreading one of the beds upon the ground, laying my two pistols just at my head, and my gun at length by me, I went to bed for the first time, and slept quietly all night, for I was very weary and heavy. The night before I had slept but little, and had labored very hard all day, as well to fetch all those things from the ship as to get them on shore.

I had the biggest magazine of all kinds now that ever was laid up, I believe, for one man; but I was not satisfied still, for while the ship sat upright in that posture, I thought I ought to get everything out of her that I could; so every day at low water

I went on board, and brought away some thing or other. But particularly the third time I went I brought away as much of the rigging as I could, as also all the small ropes and rope-twine I could get, with a piece of spare canvas, which was to mend the sails upon occasion, and the barrel of wet gunpowder. In a word, I brought away all the sails first and last, only that I was fain to cut them in pieces, and bring as much at a time as I could, for they were no more useful to be sails, but as mere canvas only.

But that which comforted me more still was, that at last of all, after I had made five or six such voyages as these, and thought I had nothing more to expect from the ship, I found a great hogshead of bread, and a box of sugar, and a barrel of fine flour. This was surprising to me, because I had given over expecting any more provisions, except what was spoiled by the water. I soon emptied the hogshead of that bread, and wrapped it up parcel by parcel in pieces of the sails, which I cut out; and in a word, I got all this safe on shore also.

quar'ter (of a ship), the after-part of a vessel's side.

yard, a long piece of timber, intended to support a square sail.

en vi'roned, surrounded.

im prac'ti ca ble, not possible to do.

bar ri ca'do, to fortify.

crow, a bar of iron; a crow-bar.

DANIEL DEFOE was born in London in 1661, and died in 1731. He wrote about two hundred and ten books. Concerning "Robinson Crusoe," Sir Walter Scott said: "Perhaps there exists no work in the English language which has been more generally read and more universally admired."

ROBINSON CRUSOE RESCUES FRIDAY

This incident occurs about twenty-four years after the events recounted in the previous extract.

I WAS surprised early one morning with seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed and out of my sight! The number of them broke all my measures; for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four or six, or sometimes more, in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to take my measures to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed. So I lay still in my castle, perplexed and discomforted.

However, I put myself into all the same postures for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was just ready for action if anything had presented. Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, at length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and clambered up to the top of the hill by my two stages, as usual; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive me by any means.

Here I observed, by the help of my perspective-glass, that they were no less than thirty in number, that they had a fire kindled, that they had had meat dressed. How they had cooked it, that I knew not,

or what it was; but they were all dancing, in I know not how many barbarous gestures and figures, their own way, round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them I perceived by my perspective two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where it seems they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fall, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club or wooden sword,—for that was their way,—while the other victim was left standing by himself till they should be ready for him. In that very moment this poor wretch, seeing himself a little at liberty, was inspired with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands directly toward me; I mean toward that part of the coast where my habitation was.

I was dreadfully frightened, that I must acknowledge, when I perceived him to run my way; and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body. Now I expected that he would certainly take shelter in my grove; but I could not hope that the other savages would not pursue him thither and find him there.

However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there were not above three men that followed him. Still more was I encouraged, when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running, and gained ground of them,

so that if he could but hold it for half an hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all.

There was between them and my castle the creek, where I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and this I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there. But when the savage escaping came thither, he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up, but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes or thereabouts, landed and ran on with exceeding strength and swiftness.

When the three persons came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that standing on the other side, he looked at the other, but went no farther; and soon after went softly back again, which, as it happened, was very well for him in the main.

I observed that the two who swam were yet more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow that fled from them. It came very warmly upon my thoughts, that now was my time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant; and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life.

I immediately ran down the ladders with all possible expedition, fetched my two guns, for they were both but at the foot of the ladders. Getting up again with the same haste to the top of the hill, I crossed toward the sea; and having a very short

cut and all down hill, clapped myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud at him that fled. He, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frightened at me as at them: but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back. In the meantime I slowly advanced toward the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece.

I was loath to fire, because I would not have the rest hear; though at that distance it would not have been easily heard; and being out of sight of the smoke too, they would not have easily known what to make of it. Having knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued with him stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced apace toward him. But as I came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me; so I was then necessitated to shoot at him first, which I did and killed him at the first shot.

The poor savage who fled, but had stopped, though he saw both his enemies fallen, and killed, as he thought, yet was so frightened with the fire and noise of my piece, that he stood stock-still, and neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined to fly still than to come on. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and

came a little way, then stopped again, and then a little farther, and stopped again. I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and was just about to be killed as his two enemies were.

I beckoned him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of, and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps in token of acknowledgment for my saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head: this, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave forever. I took him up and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could.

But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived the savage whom I knocked down was not killed, but stunned, with the blow, and began to come to himself; so I pointed to him, showing him the savage. Upon this he spoke some words to me, and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear; for they were the first sound of a man's voice that I had heard, my own excepted, for above twenty-five years.

Then calling him away I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther

part of the island. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for, by his running. And having refreshed him, I made signs for him to lie down and sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid a great parcel of rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes; so the poor creature lay down and went to sleep.

In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me. And first, I made him know that his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life.

per spec'tive glass, spy glass.

| ne ces'si ta ted, forced.

VERSES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK,¹ DURING HIS SOLITARY
ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ

WILLIAM COWPER

I AM monarch of all I survey, —
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

¹ Alexander Selkirk was a sailor who quarrelled with his captain, and, on a voyage in 1704, was left on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez, where he remained four years. It is said that this suggested to Defoe the story of "Robinson Crusoe."

O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach;
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech, —
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man!
O, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage,
In the ways of religion and truth, —
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word! —
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford;
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,

Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more!
My friends, — do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy — encouraging thought! —
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

as suage', soothe.

WASHINGTON'S RULES OF CIVILITY

When Washington was about thirteen years old he prepared for himself the following rules, which he called "Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation."

EVERY action done in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those that are present.

In the presence of others sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

Sleep not when others speak, sit not when others stand, speak not when you should hold your peace, walk not on when others stop.

At play and at fire it is good manners to give place to the last comer, and affect not to speak louder than ordinary.

When you sit down, keep your feet firm and even, without putting one on the other or crossing them.

Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not upon any one.

Be no flatterer, neither play with any that delights not to be played with.

Read no letters, books, or papers in company, but when there is a necessity for the doing of it you must ask leave; come not near the books or writings of another so as to read them unless desired,

or give your opinion of them unasked ; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

Let your countenance be pleasant but in serious matters somewhat grave.

Reproach none for the infirmities of nature, nor delight to put them that have [them] in mind thereof.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

It is good manners to prefer them to whom we speak before ourselves. . . .

Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician if you be not knowing therein.

In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title according to his degree and the custom of the place.

Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

Undertake not to teach your equal in the art he himself professes ; it flavors of arrogancy.

When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

Mock not nor jest at anything of importance ; make no jest that is sharp biting, and if you deliver anything witty and pleasant abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

Wherein you reprove another be unblamable yourself; for example is more prevalent than precept.

Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you, to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

Eat not in the streets, nor in the house out of season.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature; and in all causes of passion admit reason to govern.

Be not immodest in urging your friends to disclose a secret.

Utter not base or frivolous things amongst grave and learned men, nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant, or things hard to be believed.

Speak not of doleful things in a time of mirth or at the table; speak not of melancholy things as death and wounds, and if others mention them, change the subject if you can. Tell not your dreams, but to your intimate friend.

Speak not injurious words neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none although they give occasion.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer; and be not pensive when it's a time to converse.

Go not thither, where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.

Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language, and that as those of quality do, and not as the vulgar; sublime matters treat seriously.

Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience; if any hesitate in his words, help him not nor prompt him without being asked, interrupt him not, nor answer him till his speech be ended.

While you are talking, point not with your finger at him of whom you discourse, nor approach too near him to whom you talk, especially to his face.

Treat with men at fit times about business, and whisper not in the company of others.

Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof. . . .

Be not curious to know the affairs of others; neither approach to those that speak in private.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

Make no comparisons, and if any of the company be commended for any brave act or virtue, commend not another for the same.

When your superiors talk to anybody, hearken not; neither speak nor laugh.

Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

Be not angry at table whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not, but put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers; for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

When you speak of God or his attributes, let it be seriously and with reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

com pre hen'sive, covering much in a short space.

prev'a lent, here, likely to prevail; powerful.

dis par'age ment, reproach.

tract'a ble, easily led or managed.

at'tri butes, qualities belonging to a person or thing.

ce les'tial, heavenly.

THE IVY GREEN

CHARLES DICKENS

O, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old!
 On right choice food are his meals, I ween.
 In his cell so lone and cold.

The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim ;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.

Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he !
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend the huge oak tree !
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations scattered been ;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past ;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

ween, think.

A QUEER SEARCH

JONATHAN SWIFT

Gulliver, who tells this story, says that he was caught in a far-off land by a people called Lillipu'tians. They were only six inches high, and were at first greatly frightened at this huge sailor.

THE Emperor desired I would not take it ill if he gave orders to certain officers to search me; for I might carry about me several weapons, which must be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person. I said his Majesty should be satisfied, for I was ready to strip myself and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered part in words and part in signs.

He replied that, by the laws of the kingdom, I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; that he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them.

I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of

everything they saw; and, when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the Emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is word for word as follows:—

“In the right coat-pocket of the great man-mountain, after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your Majesty’s chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we, the searchers, were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces set us both a-sneezing for several times together.

“In his right waistcoat pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white, thin substance, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures—which we humbly conceive to be writings—every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisades before your Majesty’s court, wherewith we conjecture the man-mountain combs his head; for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us.

"In the large pocket on the right side of his middle cover (so I translate the word by which they meant my breeches) we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber, larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket, there was another engine of the same kind.

"In the smaller pocket on the right side were several round, flat pieces of white and red metal of different bulk. Some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and so heavy that my comrade and I could hardly lift them.

"In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped. We could not without difficulty reach the top of them as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white and round substance about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a prodigious plate of steel, which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and to cut his meat with the other.

"There were two pockets which we could not

enter. These he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his body. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain, which appeared to be a globe, half silver and half of some transparent metal; for on the transparent side we saw certain strange figures, circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance.

“He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill; and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life.

“From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use. We found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

“Having thus, in obedience to your Majesty’s commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left

side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch, divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your Majesty's subjects.

"In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them. The other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

"This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the man-mountain, who used us with great civility and due respect to your Majesty's commission. Signed and sealed, on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your Majesty's auspicious reign.

"CLEFRIN FRELOC.

"MARSI FRELOC."

When this inventory was read over to the Emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my cimeter, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the meantime, he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge; but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his Majesty.

He then desired me to draw my cimeter, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceedingly bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes as I waved the cimeter to and fro in my hand. His Majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect. He ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain.

The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars, by which he meant my pocket-pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it, and charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch, happened to escape wetting in the sea, I first cautioned the Emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my cimeter. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead, and even the Emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself for some time.

I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my cimeter, and then my pouch of powder and bullets, begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with

the smallest spark and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the Emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale.

He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more acute than ours. He asked the opinions of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse—with nine large pieces of gold and some smaller ones—my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My cimeter, pistols, and pouch were conveyed in carriages to his Majesty's stores, but the rest of my goods were returned me.

pro di'gious, huge.

in'ven to ry, a list of goods.

trans lat'ed, changed from one language into another.

con jec'ture, guess.

pal i sa'does, large stakes set in the ground to form a fence.

ap pre hend'ed, feared.

or'a cle, a person uncommonly wise, who makes decisions for others.

aus pi'cious, prosperous; fortunate.

cim'e ter, a curved sword.

mag nan'i mous, unselfish; not easily disturbed.

daunt'ed, frightened.

im pe'ri al, belonging to an emperor.

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745) was born in Dublin, Ireland. He was a graceful writer of great originality and wit. The "Tale of a Tub" and "Gulliver's Travels" are his masterpieces.

THE CLOUD

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain;
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder;
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;



Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As, on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings ;

And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbéd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,



“Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This plot is guiding me.” •

Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch, through which I march,
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair
 Is the million-colored bow;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex
 gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air, —
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 I rise and unbuild it again.

ge'ni i, spirits; supernatural beings.
san'guine, blood-red, ardent, hopeful.
rack, thin or broken clouds, drifting
 across the sky.
ar'dors, deep feelings.
the woof, the cross threads in a web.
 The threads that extend length-
 wise are called the *warp*.
pal, a cloak.

cen o taph', a memorial built to one
 who is buried elsewhere. The
 poet fancifully calls the blue dome
 of heaven the cloud's *cenotaph*,
 because the clear sky is a sign
 that the cloud is buried out of
 sight. The cloud is said to "un-
 build" her *cenotaph* when she
 reappears, and conceals the sky.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822) was an English poet famous for the melody and lyrical beauty of his verse.

ANDREW JACKSON

. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

ANDREW JACKSON, the seventh President of the United States, was different from all those who had come before him, because he had very little early education. All the others had been brought up among fairly well-educated people. Andrew Jackson, on the other hand, grew up in what was then called "the backwoods of Carolina," a very thinly settled region. His parents had come from the north of Ireland, and had been in America only two years when he was born. His only school-house was a little log cabin. But he had great strength of character, and made his own way in the world.

Andrew Jackson was born at Waxhaw, North Carolina, March 15, 1767. When the British entered the Carolinas, during the American Revolution, he was but thirteen; yet he was allowed to volunteer in the American Revolutionary army, with his two elder brothers, both of whom were killed in battle. He was captured at Sumter in 1781. One morning, while he was a prisoner, a British officer ordered Jackson to clean his boots for him. Jackson's proud refusal angered the officer so much that he struck the boy twice with his sword, wounding him each time. This incident naturally

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did not increase his love for the British, who had killed his brothers. His mother had died from a fever taken while nursing the American prisoners on a prison ship in Charleston harbor, and her death made his feeling still more bitter.

Later, Jackson studied law in a lawyer's office, and was admitted to practice. Removing to Tennessee, he became United States attorney in Nashville. He was afterward the first representative of Tennessee in Congress and then United States senator. It is a curious fact that he professed so little admiration for George Washington as to vote in Congress against thanking him for his services to the country. From the very first, Jackson showed the same independent spirit which always marked him. His temper, too, was very quick on occasion, and he always thought and acted in his own way.

Andrew Jackson was always regarded as a good fighter, and was made, when quite young, major-general of the Tennessee State Militia. While he held this office, he was sent to fight against the Indians under great difficulties. His health was poor, and his arm was often carried in a sling. His troops suffered much from lack of proper food; in fact, they were compelled to live largely on acorns. They were so discontented that he once had to use half his men to keep the other half from running away. At last he had to stand before his troops,

almost alone, and make them obey orders, his arm being still in its sling.

At one time, somewhat later, Jackson had command of five thousand men, and with this force captured a hastily built fort defended by nine thousand Creek Indians, who were utterly defeated and fled to Florida. This success made Jackson a famous man, and he was appointed a major-general of the United States army.

But the achievement which gave Jackson his greatest fame as a soldier was his defeat of the British army at New Orleans on January 8, 1815. In his plans, he took advantage of the peculiar way in which the city of New Orleans was built. It stands on the eastern bank of the Mississippi River, on a long, narrow island. Jackson built a strong fortification across this island, with a canal stretching in front of it, crossing from the Mississippi to an almost impenetrable swamp. There was so little solid earth with which to build that Jackson made the fortification of cotton bales and all sorts of loose material, and yet made it so solid that the British army tried in vain to break through.

Seven hundred British soldiers were killed and fourteen hundred wounded, while only twenty-one were killed or wounded on the American side. This is still regarded as one of the most severe defeats ever received by the British army, and certainly it was one of the most complete victories ever won upon

American soil. The battle formed the very end of the War of 1812, with England.

Jackson next won a great success in Florida against the Seminoles and Creeks. As Florida then belonged to Spain, it was easy for the Indian tribes settled there to march across the boundary into United States territory, commit great outrages, and then hasten back to the Spanish territory, safe from pursuit. Jackson, disregarding the boundary line altogether, followed the Indians upon Spanish ground without hesitation. When the Spaniards made some objection to his course, he seized Pensacola. His decisive action led to the sale of Florida to the United States in 1819.

All these achievements made Jackson very popular in most parts of the country, though perhaps least so in New England. Because of his supposed strength of character, some one thought of comparing him to hickory, the strongest kind of wood. So the name of "Old Hickory" was given to him, and it spread rapidly. Jackson's nomination for President was received with great enthusiasm, and in the election he received a much larger number of votes than his rival, John Quincy Adams, who had been President just before.

While Jackson was President there was considerable trouble with the remaining Indian tribes in Florida. Treaties were made with several of these tribes, such as the Choctaws and Chickasaws, by

which they were removed west of the Mississippi. But the warlike tribe of Seminoles refused to remove, and a long war with them was carried on in the great Florida swamp region called the Everglades. The war lasted many years, until the tribe of Seminoles was almost destroyed, and the expense of the long war was more than three times as much as the sum paid to the Spanish government for the whole territory of Florida.

President Jackson had still another contest with the people of South Carolina, who were discontented with a new law about taxes. In 1832 they called a convention, which decided that people living in the Southern states ought to pay no more taxes to the United States government. If certain duties were imposed, they agreed to meet and organize a separate government called the Southern Confederacy. Medals were prepared with the inscription, "John C. Calhoun, First President of the Southern Confederacy," and blue cockades were worn in the street, each with a button in the middle, bearing the figure of a palmetto, a tree which belongs especially to the South, and which the Southerners took as the symbol of the proposed nation. President Jackson refused to permit these demonstrations, and at once sent troops and ships of war to South Carolina, under the command of General Winfield Scott, thus quelling the excitement.

There also arose trouble at the North about the

question of slavery. The topic began to be discussed in public meetings. President Jackson wished Congress to pass a law excluding all anti-slavery publications from the mails. But the bill was defeated, and the discussion went on all over the country.

During his term of office Jackson made a tour through the North, and crowds came together to see him. The writer of these lines can well remember the day when President Jackson came to Boston,—how crowded the streets were with people and how “Old Hickory” looked as he rode along. His appearance surprised people very much. He had been described as very tall and awkward, with long locks of hair over his cheeks and a queue behind. But he had put aside all his uncouthness and had the air of a polished gentleman and soldier, as he bowed to right and left, while riding through the streets.

Andrew Jackson set the example of great fearlessness in acting as President, but he also introduced the practice of changing the officers of the government, great and small, at any time, and putting in his friends,—a practice which is not so easy under present laws as in his day. He was very quick-tempered and hard to influence, but his private life was without blame. He lived a very happy domestic life with his wife, a worthy woman, but of very little education. It is said that she used to sit peacefully opposite him at the fireside in the White

House at Washington, each of them smoking a corn-cob pipe. Jackson died near Nashville, Tennessee, at his home called "The Hermitage," on June 8, 1845.

at tor'ney, in law, one appointed by others to transact business for them.	un couth'ness, roughness or awkwardness in appearance.
rep re sent'a tive, a member of the state or national body of law-makers.	im pen'e tra ble, too thick and tangled to pass through.
for ti fi ca'tion, a work of defence, a fort.	out'rages, violent acts of injury.
	dem on stra'tion, expression of feeling by outward signs.

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Or'pheus, in Greek story, a wonderful musician, singer, and poet.	beasts, the waters, and the trees, with his music.
It is said that he charmed the	killing care, that is, care that kills.

DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky-way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon my inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

RALEIGH AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WALTER RALEIGH and his friends, Blount and Tracy, were floating on the princely bosom of the broad Thames, upon which the sun now shone forth with all its splendor.

"There are two things scarce matched in the universe," said Walter to Blount — "the sun in heaven and the Thames on earth."

"The one will light us to Greenwich well enough," said Blount, "and the other would take us there a little faster, if it were ebb-tide."

"And this is all thou thinkest — all thou carest — all thou deem'st to be the use of the king of elements, and the king of rivers — to guide three such poor caitiffs as thyself, and me, and Tracy, upon an idle journey of courtly ceremony!"

"It is no errand of my seeking," replied Blount, "and I could excuse both the sun and the Thames the trouble of carrying me where I have no great mind to go, and where I expect but dog's wages for my trouble. And by my honor," he added, looking out from the head of the boat, "it seems to me as if our message were a sort of labor in vain; for see, the queen's barge lies at the stairs, as if her Majesty were about to take to the water."

It was even so. The royal barge, manned by the

queen's watermen, richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, did indeed lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river, and along with it two or three other boats for transporting such part of her retinue as were not in immediate attendance upon the royal person.

The yeomen of the guard, the tallest and handsomest men whom England could produce, guarded with their halberds the passage from the palace gate to the river-side, and all seemed in readiness for the queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

"By my faith, this bodes us no good," said Blount; "it must be some perilous cause puts her grace in motion at this time. We had best put back again, and tell the earl what we have seen."

"Tell the earl what we have seen!" said Walter; "why, what have we seen but a boat, and men with scarlet jerkins, and halberds in their hands? Let us do his errand, and tell him what the queen says in reply."

So saying, he caused the boat to be pulled toward a landing-place at some distance from the principal one, which it would not, at that moment, have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companions. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the porters told them that they could not at present enter, as her Majesty was

in the act of coming forth. The gentlemen used the name of the Earl of Sussex, but it proved no charm to the officer, who alleged in reply, that it was as much as his post was worth to disobey the commands which he had received.

"Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount; "do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take the boat and return."

"Not till I see the queen come forth," returned the youth, composedly.

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty. In the lowest walk of life, indeed, she would have been truly judged to possess a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding countenance. She leant on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's friendship.

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, kept pulling him backward, till

Walter shook him off impatiently, letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder,—a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person.

Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators.

Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye. She fixed her keen glance upon him as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention toward him yet more strongly.

The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her passing over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, blushed in her turn, nodded



RALEIGH AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount, "your gay mantle will need the brush to-day, I wot."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy."


Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount, — "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's Master of Horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger. "My orders are directly from her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation, "Who in the world would have thought this?" And shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.



The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the water-side by the pensioner, who showed him considerable respect — a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition that they soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by ladies and nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh.

At length one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence. The muddied cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"That was well said, my lord," said the queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe-keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee on the word of a princess."

"May it please your grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose —"

"Thou would'st have gold, I warrant me," said the queen, interrupting him; "fie, young man! I take shame to say that in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means for self-destruction. Yet thou may'st be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be. It shall be gold if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use of it."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, and then modestly assured her, that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy," said the queen, "neither gold nor garment! What is it thou would'st have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam — if it is not asking too high an honor — permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter. "When your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

"Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances — I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends. What is thy name and birth?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious queen, the youngest son of a large but honorable family in Devonshire."

"Raleigh?" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection. "Have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh, — "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your Majesty's ears."

"They hear further than you think," said the queen, graciously; "and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth,

looking down; "but it was where my best is due, and that is in your Majesty's service."

The queen paused, and then said hastily: "You are very young to have fought so well and to speak so well. Now hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, till our pleasure be further known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh, to whom nature had taught those courtly arts which many scarce acquire from long experience, knelt, and as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it.

Sir Walter Raleigh (Raw'li), 1552-1618. An English courtier, officer, colonizer, historian, and poet. He was a favorite of Queen Elizabeth. But on the accession of James I, Raleigh was imprisoned as a traitor to the king, and was finally executed, in 1618.

Elizabeth, Queen of England, 1558-1603. She was a woman of great ability and enterprise, and was devoted to her people. Her reign is famous for commercial prosperity and literary power.

ret'i nue, band of attendants.

bode, to give promise of.

cav a lier', a knight.

King of the elements. People once called air, earth, water, and fire

"the four elements." The "king of the elements," then, is fire.

Here the phrase refers to the sun.

cai'tiff, a mean, low fellow; a wretch.

hal'berd, a long-handled weapon, of which the head had a point and several long, sharp edges.

pen'sioners, an honorable band of gentlemen who attend the sovereign of England on state occasions, and receive an annual pension.

au'gury, a sign of the future; an omen.

liege'man, a subject; one loyal to his sovereign.

Shan'non, the largest river in Ireland.

BEGINNING TO WRITE

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

FROM a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was laid out in books. Pleased with the "Pilgrim's Progress," my first collection was of John Bunyan's works, in separate little volumes. I afterward sold them to enable me to buy Burton's "Historical Collections"; they were small books, and cheap, forty or fifty in all.

"Plutarch's Lives" I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of De Foe's, called "An Essay on Projects," and another of Dr. Mather's, called "Essays to do Good," which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters, to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the dreaded effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother.

I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve

years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books.

An acquaintance with the apprentices of book-sellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small book, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

After some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces. My brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads.

One was called the "Lighthouse Tragedy," and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters. The other was a sailor's song, on the taking of Teach (or Blackbeard), the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub Street ballad style; and, when they were printed, he sent me about town to sell them. The first sold

wonderfully, the event being recent, having made a great noise.

This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet—probably a very bad one; but as prose-writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way.

About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand.

Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion

for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse, and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again.

I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterward with the original, I discovered many faults, and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language; and this encouraged me to think I might possibly, in time, come to be a tolerable English writer — of which I was extremely ambitious.

My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the *New England Courant*. He had some ingenious men among his friends, who amused themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which gained it credit and made it more in demand, and these gentlemen often visited us.

Hearing their conversation, and their accounts of

the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them; but, being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and, writing an anonymous paper, I put it at night under the door of the printing-house.

It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they called in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that, in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose, now, that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that, perhaps, they were not really so very good ones as I then esteemed them.

inden'tures, the contract by which a youth is bound to a master as an apprentice.

jour'ney man, a man hired to work by the day; or, one who has mastered a trade.

im'port, meaning, importance.

Grub Street, a street in London de-

scribed as being much inhabited by writers of the poorer sort. So any poor production is called "grub street."

The Spectator, a series of essays, edited by Joseph Addison, in the form of a periodical, from 1711 to 1712.

OH, many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken.

— SCOTT.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

CHARLES WOLFE

This poem was written after reading an account of the battle of Corunna (Spain) between the English and the French, in 1809. Sir John Moore was commander of the English troops. Abandoned by the Spaniards, and threatened by a great army under Napoleon, he was obliged to retreat, and he was killed while the troops were embarking to leave Corunna. The poem describes his burial in the citadel by his loyal men.

NOT a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.



MEMORIAL TO SIR JOHN MOORE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;

And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory !
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

up'braid, to charge with something		reck, care; take heed.
wrong.		go'ry, covered with blood.

CHARLES WOLFE (1791-1823) was a native of Dublin, Ireland, and a graduate of Trinity College, where he was famed for scholarship and literary ability. Besides this renowned poem, Wolfe wrote one or two songs full of tender pathos and delicate beauty.

GRASS

JOHN RUSKIN

GATHER a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing there, as it seems, is of notable goodness or beauty. There is a very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point, not a perfect point either, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much-cared-for example of Nature's workmanship, made, as it seems, only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven. There is also a little pale and hollow stalk,

feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots.

And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes or good for food—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green.

Consider what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears. The fields! Follow forth for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognize in those words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent, scented paths—the rests in noonday heat—the joy of herds and flocks—the power of all shepherd life and meditation—the life of sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks, and falling in soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck upon the dark mould or scorching dust—pastures beside the racing brooks—soft banks and knolls of lowly hills—thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea—crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices—all these

are summed in those simple words, and these are not all.

We may not measure to the full the depth of this heavenly gift in our own land, though still, as we think of it longer, the infinite meaning of that meadow sweetness, Shakespeare's peculiar joy, would open on us more and more. Yet we have it but in part. Go out, in the spring time, among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There the grass grows deep and free; and, as you follow the winding mountain-paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may, perhaps, at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, "He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains."

There are also several lessons connected with this subject which we must not allow to escape us. Observe, the peculiar characters of the grass, which adapt it especially for the service of man, are its apparent *humility* and *cheerfulness*: its humility, in that it seems created only for lowest service—appointed to be trodden on and fed upon; its cheerfulness, in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and suffering. You roll it, and it is stronger the next day; you mow it, and it

multiplies its shoots as if it were grateful; you tread upon it, and it only sends up richer perfume.

Spring comes, and it rejoices with all the earth — glowing with variegated flame of flowers — waving in soft depth of fruitful strength. Winter comes and though it will not mock its fellow-plants by growing then, it will not pine and mourn and turn colorless or leafless as they. It is always green, and is only the brighter and gayer for the hoar-frost.

flac'cid, soft and weak; flabby.

un du la'tion, a wavy appearance or outline.

thy'my, covered with the wild thyme.

va ri e ga'ted, having marks or patches of different colors.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900) was an English artist and author.

THE EVENING STAR

THOMAS CAMPBELL

STAR that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary laborer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odors rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirred
Curls yellow in the sun.

RIP VAN WINKLE

WASHINGTON IRVING

I

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some changes in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the goodwives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early time of

the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weatherbeaten) there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the goodwives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all the family squabbles; and never failed, when they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle.

The children at the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

Rip would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even although he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulders for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons.

He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of

ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf.

Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods. But the moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of the broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door yelping.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third.

Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when, by chance, an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents as drawled out by Derrick

Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

—The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy

mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad; whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he returned the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side, he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; the evening was gradually advanced; the mountains began to throw their long, blue

shadows over the valleys; and he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from the distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still, evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time, Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen.

Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him. He looked anxiously in the same direction and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin strapped around the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of

buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for a moment, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of



THE GAME OF NINEPINS

them had enormous breeches of similar style to that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and small, piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors.

There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folk were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling;

they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

ba rom'e ter, an instrument which shows the probable changes in the weather.

Peter Stuy'ves ant, the last governor of New York under the rule of the Dutch.

chiv'al rous days, days of warlike or heroic deeds.

mar'tial, warlike.

Tar'tars, a host of warlike tribes that were the terror of Asia and Europe in the Middle Ages.

with im pu'ni ty, without punishment.

pat ri mo'ni al, coming from a father.

ru'bi cund, ruby; red.

jun'to, a secret council.

ter'ma gant, ill-natured; scolding.

vi ra'go, a rough, noisy woman.

al ter'na tive, a course of action offered in place of another.

un fre quent'ed, not often visited.

sin gu lar'i ty, strangeness.

am phi the'a tre, first an oval building with rising tiers of seats about an open space, called the arena; then, anything resembling this.

vis'a ges, faces.

doub'let, a close-fitting garment reaching from neck to waist.

hang'er, a short curved sword.

II

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among

the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor — the mountain ravine — the wild retreat among the rocks — the woe-begone party at ninepins — the flagon. "Oh! that flagon!" thought Rip. "What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun; but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old fire-lock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or a partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle."

With some difficulty he got down into the glen ; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening ; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made a shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre ; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand.

He again called and whistled after his dog ; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done ? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun ; he dreaded to meet his wife ; but it would not do to starve among the

mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before; and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange.

His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village,

which he had left the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been — Rip was sorely perplexed. “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. “My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in good order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. He called loudly for his wife and children — the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it, too, was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan

Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes.

He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches, or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these a lean bilious-looking fellow was haranguing about the rights of citizens, elections, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of seventy-six, and other words, which were a perfect jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was a Federal or Democrat?"

Rip was equally at loss to comprehend the question when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that

the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit "what he came there for, and whom he was seeking?" The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point, others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know; he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress." Rip's heart died away at hearing these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he

could not understand: war, Congress, Stony Point; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded "who he was and what was his name?"

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wits' end. "I'm not myself, I'm somebody else; that's me, yonder, —no, that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed; and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders now began to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired.

At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the

gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" he asked.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it is twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since, — his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one more question to ask, and he put it with a faltering voice: —

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she, too, died but a short time since. She broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms.

"I am your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and

peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough, it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head, upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. He said it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of the *Half-moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. His father had once seen them in their old

Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had

taken place during his torpor.—How that there had been a Revolutionary War, that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England, and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty, George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point in which he always remained flighty.

The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins.

rois'ter ers, rough merry-makers.
 jar'gon, confused language.
 met a mor'phosed, changed in form.
 phlegm (flem), dulness.

aus tere', severe.
 ha rangue', to make a speech; to de-
 claim.
 cor rob'o rated, made sure or certain.

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859) was one of the most popular American authors of his day. His "Sketch-Book" and "The Alhambra" are models of graceful prose.

THE VIRGINIA INDIANS

JOHN SMITH

WITHIN sixty miles of Jamestown there are about five thousand people, but of able men fit for war there are scarcely fifteen hundred. There is a far greater number of women and children than of men. To support so many together, they have yet no means, because they derive so small a benefit from their land, be it ever so fertile. Six or seven hundred have been the most that have been seen together.

The people differ very much in stature, and especially in language. Some are very great, others very little; but generally tall and straight, of a comely proportion, and of a brown color when they are of age, but white when they are born. Their hair is generally black, and but few have any beard. The men shave one-half of their hair and wear the other half long. For barbers they have the women, who with two shells grate away the hair in any fashion they please. The hair of the women is cut in many fashions suitable to their years, but some part always remains long.

They are very strong, of an able body, and full of agility; able to endure lying in the woods under a tree by the fire in the worst of winter, or in the weeds and grasses in ambuscade in summer. They

are treacherous in everything except where fear constrains them; crafty, timorous, and quick of apprehension. Some are of fearful disposition, some are bold, most are cautious, all are savage, and generally covetous of copper, beads, and suchlike trinkets. They are soon moved to anger, and so malicious that they seldom forget an injury.

Each household knows its own lands and gardens, and most live by their own labor. For their apparel they are sometimes covered with the skins of wild beasts, which in winter are dressed with the hair, but in summer without. The better sort use large mantles of deerskins. Some of these mantles are embroidered with white beads, some with copper, others painted after their manner. We have seen some wear mantles made of turkey feathers, so prettily wrought and woven with threads that nothing but the feathers could be discerned. They were exceedingly warm and very handsome.

They decorate themselves mostly with copper beads and paint. Some of the women have their bodies and faces tattooed with pictures of beasts and serpents, wrought into their flesh with black spots. In each ear they have three great holes, from which they hang chains, bracelets, or pieces of copper. Some of the men wear in those holes a small green and yellow colored live snake, nearly half a yard in length.

Some wear on their heads the wing of a bird or

some large feather, and a rattle, which they take from the tail of a snake. Many have the whole skin of a hawk or some strange fowl stuffed, with the wings spread. Their heads and shoulders are painted red with a kind of root bruised to powder and mixed with oil: this they claim will preserve them from the heat in summer and from the cold in winter.

Men, women, and children have their several names, according to the humor of their parents. The women, they say, love their children very dearly. To make them hardy, they wash them in the rivers in the coldest mornings, and by painting and ointments so tan their skins that after a year or two no weather will hurt them.

The men pass their time in fishing, hunting, wars, and such manlike exercises, scorning to be seen doing any womanlike work. The women and children do all the work. They make mats, baskets, pots, mortars; pound their corn, make their bread, prepare their victuals, plant and gather their corn, and bear all kinds of burdens.

For fishing, hunting, and wars they use their bows and arrows. They bring their bows to the form of ours by scraping with a shell. Their arrows are made, some of straight young sprigs, which they head with bone two or three inches long. These they use to shoot at squirrels on trees. Another sort of arrow is made of reeds. These are pierced with wood headed with splinters of crystal or some

other sharp stone, the spurs of a turkey, or the bill of some bird.

For a knife they use the splinter of a reed to cut their feathers in form. With this knife they can joint a deer or any beast, shape their shoes, buskins, and mantles. To make the notch of their arrows they have the tooth of a boar set in a stick. The arrow-head they quickly make with a little bone, or with any splinter of a stone, or glass in the form of a heart. With the sinews of deer and the tops of deers' horns boiled to a jelly they make a glue that will not dissolve in cold water, and with this they glue the head to the end of their arrows.

For their wars they use targets that are round and made of the bark of trees, and wear a sword of wood at their backs, but oftentimes they use the horns of a deer, put through a piece of wood in the form of a pick-axe, for swords. Some have a long stone sharpened at both ends and used in the same manner. This they were wont to use for hatchets also, but now by trading they have plenty of iron.

In their hunting and fishing they take the greatest pains; and as it is their ordinary exercise from infancy, they esteem it a pleasure, and are very proud to be expert in it. By their continual ranging and travel they know all the advantages and places most frequented with deer, beasts, fish, fowl, roots, and berries. In their hunts they leave their habitations, and, forming themselves into companies,

go with their families to the most desert places, where they spend their time in hunting and fowling up the mountains, or by the heads of the rivers, where there is plenty of game. For betwixt the rivers the ground is so narrow that little game comes there which they do not devour. It is a marvel that they can so accurately pass three or four days' journey through these deserts without habitation.

In their hunts in the desert they commonly go two or three hundred together. Having found the deer, they surround them with many fires, and betwixt the fires they place themselves. Some take their stand in the midst. They chase the deer, thus frightened by the fires and the voices, so long within the circle that they often kill six, eight, ten, or fifteen at a hunting. They also drive them to some narrow point of land and force them into the river, where with their boats they have ambuscades to kill them. When they have shot a deer by land, they track it like bloodhounds by the blood, and so overtake it. Hares, partridges, turkeys, fat or lean, young or old, — they devour all they can catch.

One savage hunting alone uses the skin of a deer slit on one side, and so put on his arm that his hand comes to the head, which is stuffed; and the horns, head, eyes, ears, and every part are arranged as naturally as he can devise. Thus shrouding his body in the skin, by stalking he approaches the deer, creeping on the ground from one tree to another.

If the deer chances to suspect danger, or stands to gaze, he turns the head with his hand to appear like a deer, also gazing and licking himself. So, watching his best advantage to approach, he shoots it, and chases it by the marks of its blood till he gets it.

When they intend any wars, the chiefs usually have the advice of their priests and conjurers, and their allies and ancient friends; but the priests chiefly determine their resolution. They appoint some muscular fellow captain over each nation. They seldom make war for land or goods, but for women and children and especially for revenge. They have many enemies in all the western countries beyond the mountains and the heads of the rivers.

pro por'tion , the relation of one part (of the body) to another.	ma li'cious , bearing ill-will; spiteful.
a gil'i ty , quickness of motion.	tat too' , to color (the flesh) by prick- ing in coloring matter.
am bus cade' , a lying in wait for an enemy; a snare.	rang'ing , roaming.
treach'er ous , not to be trusted.	con'jur er , one who performs tricks of magic.
tim'or ous , fearful of danger.	mus'cu lar , well supplied with mus- cles; strong.
ap pre hen'sion , here, understanding.	

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH (1579-1632) was one of the founders of the Virginia colony. His "True Account of Virginia," printed in 1608, was the first book written by an Englishman about America.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts;

Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;

The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,

Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

—WORDSWORTH.



THE SHADED WATER

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

WHEN that my mood is sad, and in the noise
And bustle of the crowd I feel rebuke,
I turn my footsteps from its hollow joys
And sit me down beside this little brook :
The waters have a music to mine ear
It glads me much to hear.

It is a quiet glen, as you may see,
Shut in from all intrusion by the trees,
That spread their giant branches, broad and free,
The silent growth of many centuries ;
And make a hallowed time for hapless moods,
A sabbath of the woods.

Few know its quiet shelter, — none, like me,
Do seek it out with such a fond desire,

Poring in idlesse mood on flower and tree,
And listening as the voiceless leaves respire, —
When the far-travelling breeze, done wandering,
Rests here his weary wing.

And all the day, with fancies ever new,
And sweet companions from their boundless store,
Of merry elves bespangled all with dew,
Fantastic creatures of the old-time lore,
Watching their wild but unobtrusive play,
I fling the hours away.

A gracious couch — the root of an old oak
Whose branches yield it moss and canopy —
Is mine, and, so it be from woodman's stroke
Secure, shall never be resigned by me ;
It hangs above the stream that idly flies,
Heedless of any eyes.

There, with eye sometimes shut, but upward bent,
Sweetly I muse through many a quiet hour,
While every sense on earnest mission sent,
Returns, thought laden, back with bloom and
flower
Pursuing, though rebuked by those who moil,
A profitable toil.

And still the waters trickling at my feet
Wind on their way with gentlest melody,
Yielding sweet music, which the leaves repeat,
Above them, to the gay breeze gliding by, —

Yet not so rudely as to send one sound
Through the thick copse around.

Sometimes a brighter cloud than all the rest
Hangs o'er the archway opening through the trees,
Breaking the spell that, like a slumber, pressed
On my worn spirit its sweet luxuries, —
And with awakened vision upward bent,
I watch the firmament.

How like — its sure and undisturbed retreat,
Life's sanctuary at last, secure from storm —
To the pure waters trickling at my feet
The bending trees that overshadow my form!
So far as sweetest things of earth may seem
Like those of which we dream.

Such, to my mind, is the philosophy
The young bird teaches, who, with sudden flight,
Sails far into the blue that spreads on high,
Until I lose him from my straining sight, —
With a most lofty discontent to fly,
Upward, from earth to sky.

i'dlesse, an old form of the word idleness.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS (1806-1870) was born in Charleston, S. C. He wrote plays, poems, and novels, celebrating the brave and chivalrous deeds of the Southern people.

HE who waits to do a great deal of good at once
will never do anything. —SAMUEL JOHNSON.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804. He was all his life shy, modest, and retiring. After his father died — when he was a very little boy — his mother shut herself up in her room, not even coming downstairs for her meals, and never seeing any one outside her own family. She lived in this way for forty years, and it is not surprising that so sensitive a boy as Nathaniel should have adopted early in life this same habit of living by himself. Because of his loneliness, Hawthorne's childhood was not a very happy one. He used in after years to say that in those days "it was as if there were a ghost in the house," meaning his mother.

Sometimes the boy used to threaten to run away to sea, as many boys have wanted to do before and since. He never carried out his threat, but remained quietly at home instead, reading all the books he could get. He used to lie flat on the floor absorbed in one of Shakespeare's plays or in one of Milton's poems. Most small boys do not care to spend their time reading Shakespeare and Milton, but Hawthorne liked nothing better. On Sundays he used to read "Pilgrim's Progress" hour after hour, never seeming to weary of it.

When Hawthorne was fourteen, he and his mother and two sisters moved to Raymond, Maine. Here the boy became for the first time acquainted with the real country, and he began keeping a diary. His uncle had advised him to write down a few thoughts each day, and the diary containing these thoughts has come down to us as the first book that Hawthorne ever wrote. The book is largely a chronicle of "swapping" knives, swimming and fishing, tracking bears in the snow, shooting hen-hawks and partridges, and like events of a boy's life in wood and field.

"I ran quite wild," he wrote years afterward, "and would, I doubt not, have willingly run wild till this time, fishing all day long, or shooting with an old fowling-piece. . . . These were delightful days. . . . I would skate all alone on Sebago Lake, with the deep shadows of the icy hills on either hand. When I found myself far from home, and weary with the exhaustion of skating, I would sometimes take refuge in a log-cabin where half a tree was burning on the broad hearth."

Unfortunately, this free life which he loved so much, lasted for only a year. As he was then fifteen, it was thought best for him to go back to Salem to school, and there to prepare for college. He now became an even greater reader than before. In a letter to his sister, written at this period, he says, "I shall read 'The Abbot,' by the author of

‘Waverley,’ as soon as I can hire it. I have read all Scott’s novels except that. I wish I had not, that I might have the pleasure of reading them again.”

At seventeen Hawthorne entered Bowdoin College, where he was in the class with Longfellow. He is described at this time as “a slender lad, having a massive head, with dark, brilliant, and most expressive eyes, heavy eyebrows, and a profusion of dark hair.” We are also told that he carried his head on one side, a habit which gave him an odd appearance. During his college days, some of his relatives and friends planned that he should become a minister. This idea was not at all acceptable to him, and he wrote his mother: “What do you think of my becoming an author, and relying for support on my pen?”

He had already practised writing more or less, and on his return to Salem after his graduation he began literary work in earnest. In 1829 he published his first book, “Fanshawe,” at his own expense, but without his name. After this had appeared in print, he wrote and published many short stories, most of which were printed in *The New England Magazine*. In March, 1837, about half of these stories were published in book form under the title “Twice-Told Tales.” He did not sign an article with his own name for twelve years after leaving college, but disguised his writings under many different pen names.

This period was one of great discouragement. Hawthorne was very lonely, very poor, and practically unnoticed by the public. He had a little chamber under the eaves in which he sat and wrote. "Here I sat a long, long time," he said later, "waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all."

When he became engaged to be married, he decided that he must look about for other work to do, in order to earn more money. He succeeded in getting a position at the Custom House in Salem, but as he was utterly unsuited to the work, he soon lost the place. Then he tried living for a while at Brook Farm, where many famous literary men and women of that day used to meet. There he rose at daybreak, milked cows, hoed potatoes, raked hay, and for a short time was a true farmer. But he did not like this life any better than that of the Custom House, and in 1842 he married and removed to Concord. The young writer and his wife had to struggle to "make both ends meet." During this time he wrote but little.

He always composed slowly and with difficulty, and found it impossible to write much at one time. He was too dreamy and sensitive a man to succeed in business, and all his attempts in that direction failed. He was a second time appointed to a position in the Salem Custom House, this time to the

important post of inspector, but he was a second time dismissed.

After this dismissal he settled down to writing once more, and in 1850 brought out "The Scarlet Letter," which established his fame. The scene of this story was laid in Salem, as was that of "The House of Seven Gables," which followed. His two famous children's books, "The Wonder-Book," and "Tanglewood Tales," belong in this successful period of his life. The latter book has been called "a work of sunshine from cover to cover."

Hawthorne was perfectly devoted to his children and used to have good times with them. "He made those spring days memorable to his children," his son writes. "He made them boats to sail on the lake, and kites to fly in the air; he took them fishing and flower-gathering, and tried to teach them swimming. In the autumn they all went nutting, and filled a certain disused oven in the house with bags upon bags of nuts. The children's father displayed extraordinary activity and energy on these nutting expeditions. Standing on the ground at the foot of a tall walnut tree, he would bid them turn their backs and cover their eyes with their hands; then they would hear, for a few seconds, a sound of rustling and scrambling, and, immediately after, a shout, whereupon they would uncover their eyes and gaze upward; and lo! there was their father—swaying and soaring high aloft on the topmost

branches. And then down would rattle showers of ripe nuts, which the children would diligently pick up. It was all a splendid holiday; and they cannot remember when their father was not their playmate, or when they ever desired or imagined any other playmate than he."

In 1853, Hawthorne was sent to Liverpool, England, as United States Consul. He was so shy that he did not make acquaintances very readily among the well-known writers and literary men in England, but he was very careful about fulfilling his public duties. When his term of office was ended, he and his family went to Italy, settling first in Rome, and then in Florence. Here it was that Hawthorne wrote the famous "Marble Faun." This was the last book from his hand, for he died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, shortly after his return to this country (May 19, 1864).

Hawthorne's style is considered very remarkable. It is quite unlike that of any other writer, and a single paragraph quoted from one of his books is easy to recognize as his work. He wrote fewer books than most noted writers, but on this very account those that he has given us are all the more valuable.

ab sorbed', wholly engaged.

chron'i cle, a record.

ex haus'tion, utter weariness.

mas'sive, large and heavy in appearance.

pro fu'sion, a very large quantity.

mem'o ra ble, worthy to be remembered.

dil'i gent ly, actively; in a painstaking way.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

THAT very singular man old Dr. Heidegger once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen — Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne — and a withered gentlewoman whose name was the widow Wycherly. It is a circumstance worth mentioning that these three old gentlemen were early lovers of the widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And before proceeding further I will merely hint that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves, as is not infrequently the case with old people when worried either by present troubles or woful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber festooned with cobwebs and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken book-cases, filled with books. Over the central book-case was a bronze bust of

Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations in all difficult cases of his practice. Between two of the book-cases hung a looking-glass, within a tarnished gilt frame.

The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady, but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions and died on the bridal evening.

The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned: it was a ponderous folio volume bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic, and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it merely to brush away the dust, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor and several faces had peeped forth from the mirror, while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned and said, "Forbear!"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale a small round table as black as ebony stood in the centre of the room, sustaining a cut glass vase of beautiful form and elab-

orate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase; so that a mild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air-pump or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his friends. But without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber and returned with the same ponderous folio bound in black leather which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh — "this same withered and crumbling flower — blossomed five and fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder, and I

meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five and fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Dr. Heidegger. He uncovered the vase and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a deathlike slumber, the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green, and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full-blown, for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dewdrops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends — carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjurer's show. "Pray, how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the Fountain of Youth," asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce de Leon, the

Spanish adventurer, went in search of two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce de Leon ever find it?" said the widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story; "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger. "And all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. Little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses and bursting in sil-

very spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties, and, though utter sceptics as to its power to make them young again, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and a shame it would be if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age!"

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer except by a feeble and tremulous laugh, so very ridiculous was the idea that, knowing how closely Repentance treads behind the steps of Error, they should ever go astray again.

"Drink, then," said the doctor, bowing. "I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment."

With palsied hands they raised the glasses to their lips. The water, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more wofully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been always

the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures, who now sat stooping round the doctor's table without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water and replaced their glasses on the table.

There was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party, together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful glow on their cheeks instead of the ashen hue. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a young woman again.

"Give us more of this wondrous water," cried they, eagerly. "We are younger, but we are still too old. Quick! give us more!"

"Patience, patience!" quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment with philosophic coolness. "You have been a long time growing old; surely you might be content to grow young in half an hour. But the water is at your service." Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren.

While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table and swallowed the contents at a single gulp. Was it delusion? Even while the draught was passing down their throats it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright: a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks; they sat around the table, three gentlemen of middle age and a woman hardly beyond her buxom prime.

The three gentlemen behaved in such a manner as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities — unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past, present, or future could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret. ✓

Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trollying forth a jolly song and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the widow Wycherly. On the

other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs.

As for the widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror courtesying and simpering to her own image and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world besides. She thrust her face close to the glass to see whether some long remembered wrinkle or crow's-foot had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

"My dear old doctor," cried she, "pray favor me with another glass."

"Certainly, my dear madam — certainly," replied the doctor. "See! I have already filled the glasses."

There, in fact, stood the four glasses brimful of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it bubbled from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds.

It was now so nearly sunset that the chamber had grown duskier than ever, but a mild and moonlike splendor gleamed from within the vase and rested alike on the four guests and on the doctor's ven-

erable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately carved oaken arm-chair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time, whose power had never been disputed save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage.

But the next moment the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares and sorrows and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream from which they had joyously awakened. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings in a new-created universe.

"We are young! We are young!" they cried, exultingly.

They were a group of merry youngsters almost maddened with the frolicsomeness of their years. The most singular effect of their gayety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire,—the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor like a gouty grandfather;

one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an arm-chair and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully and leaped about the room.

The widow Wycherly — if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow — tripped up to the doctor's chair with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

"Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me;" and then the four young people laughed louder than ever to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

"Pray excuse me," answered the doctor, quietly. "I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner."

"Dance with me, Clara," cried Colonel Killigrew.

"I will be her partner," shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

"She promised me her hand fifty years ago," exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalry, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grandsires ridiculously contending for a shrivelled grandma.

Soon the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro the table was overturned, and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly, which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

"Come, come, gentlemen! Come, Madam Wycherly!" exclaimed the doctor. "I really must protest against this riot."

They stood still and shivered, for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved arm-chair holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand the four rioters resumed their seats — the more readily because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

"My poor Sylvia's rose!" exclaimed Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds. "It appears to be fading again."

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it the flower continued to shrivel up, till it

became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

"I love it as well thus as in its dewy freshness," observed he, pressing it to his withered lips.

While he spoke the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head and fell upon the floor. His guests shivered again. A strange chillness—whether of the body or spirit they could not tell—was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a lifetime been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people sitting with their old friend Dr. Heidegger?

"Are we grown old again so soon?" cried they, dolefully.

In truth, they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue more transient than that of wine. Yes, they were old again.

"Yes, friends, ye are old again," said Dr. Heidegger, "and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well, I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very doorstep, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me."

But the doctor's four friends had taught no such

lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida and quaff at morning, noon, and night from the Fountain of Youth.

Hip poc'ra tes , an ancient Greek, called the Father of Medicine.	mir'a cle , a very wonderful thing.
pre scrip'tion , a doctor's order for medicine.	scep'tic , unbeliever.
e lab'o rate , finished with great care.	de crep'i tude , infirm old age.
Ponce de Leon (pōn'thā dā lā'ōn), a Spanish soldier, conqueror of Porto Rico and discoverer of Florida.	de lu'sion , false belief.
im bibe' , to take in.	bux'om prime , gay and pretty youth.
	ex hil a ra'tion , joyousness.
	vogue , fashion.
	troll , to sing loudly.
	sym'pho ny , a harmony of sounds pleasing to the ear.

THE VALUE OF WISDOM

HAPPY is the man that findeth wisdom,
 And the man that getteth understanding.
 For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver,
 And the gain thereof than fine gold.
 She is more precious than rubies:
 And none of the things thou canst desire are to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand;
 In her left hand are riches and honor.
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.
 She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her:
 And happy is every one that retaineth her.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

THERE was a time when it seemed as if the American Presidents were not so remarkable and able men as formerly, and sometimes the newspapers said that perhaps they would never be so again. But in 1861 there began a war between the Northern and Southern states, growing out of the institution called slavery; and it was found that the new President who had been elected just at the beginning of this war, was in some ways the most remarkable and certainly the most popular President the nation had ever had. His trials and anxieties were much greater than those of any other President since Washington. But he bore them so bravely and cheerfully that he has been loved and admired ever since all over the Union, and even among those who fought against him in the war.

Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Ky., in a wild and almost uninhabited region. The house in which he was born was a log cabin without doors or windows or even floors. His father had never been to school and could neither read nor write. His mother could read, but as for writing, could only sign her name. When the boy was old enough to go to school, it happened that a little school was opened

about four miles away ; and though the teacher was very ignorant, the boy was sent to it for eight or ten weeks. Then the family moved to Indiana.

Abraham did not go to school any more, because there was no school near, but he used to read by the open fire. He practised writing on the ground or on the snow, or with a burnt stick on the bark of trees. He worked hard in other ways ; often he used to shoot deer and wild turkeys for the family dinner.

There were three books in the house, the Bible, the Catechism, and a spelling book. Later, Abraham's father saw a copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" at the house of a friend twenty miles away, and borrowed it for his boy ; and some one else gave him "Æsop's Fables." When he was ten years old he went to a better school than he had yet attended, and his father bought him a second-hand arithmetic to use. His new teacher lent him Weems's "Life of Washington."

As Abraham grew older, he grew very strong, and was much more than six feet tall. He was the best wrestler in his circle of companions. When he was about eighteen he had an opportunity to go down to New Orleans with another youth on a flat-boat with a load of bacon and other commodities ; and so he went from home for the first time.

The young Lincoln got possession of a law book containing the laws of Indiana, which he read with great delight. So anxious was he to see a real trial

in a court room that he walked fifteen miles to attend one. This first experience delighted him so much that he walked to the same court again and again.

When Lincoln was nearly twenty-one years of age, his father removed again, this time to Illinois. Here he built a log-house, with the aid of Abraham and his brother John, who ploughed and fenced fifteen acres of land. A man who worked with Lincoln occasionally, said that Abraham was the roughest looking fellow he ever saw, but that he knew more than anybody else. His dress was "comical." This man also said: "He was always talking history and politics and great men, and I have seen him going to his work with a book in his hand. He could split more rails in a day than any other man. He was strong as an ox and never got tired."

Lincoln was afterwards a country merchant for a time, and later still was pilot on a steamer. He gained his first experience as a soldier in an Indian war. After his return from this little war, he became a lawyer, and was sent to the legislature. Finding a political career to his taste, he went east to take part in political conventions, always making a good impression by his earnestness and enthusiasm.

He was elected President of the United States in 1861, just as the Civil War was breaking out. The war really began on April 12, 1861, when the South Carolina troops fired upon Fort Sumter in

Charleston harbor. They captured the fort the next day. President Lincoln immediately issued a proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers. He soon found himself very busy at Washington. He had to superintend the raising of troops and the collecting of money to support them. He had to provide weapons and ammunition and tents,—in fact, everything needed by soldiers. Knowing nothing of war himself, except in rough Indian fighting on the frontiers, the new President had to study the methods of war.

He showed a spirit of great justice and humanity, but he insisted upon having everything reported to him personally, keeping his watchful eye upon everything that was done by his generals, and removing from command those whom he found unfit. He went constantly to the hospitals, where he was very much loved by the soldiers, among whom he was commonly known as "Father Abraham." All this time he was longing to have the war brought to an end, and trying to follow all methods that would close it as soon as possible. During all these years of labor and anxiety, every one who went to see him found him always cheerful and good-natured, able to tell good stories, of which he had an unfailing store, and to crack jokes with all comers. He seemed to find in this merriment a relief from care and anxiety.

On January 1, 1863, the President issued a

proclamation which many people regarded as the most important event of the war. He made up his mind that the existence of slavery was the real cause of the war, and that there would be no real peace until slavery should be abolished. He therefore declared, as President of the United States and as Commander-in-chief of the army, the abolition of slavery on American territory. While there were people, even in the North, who opposed this proclamation bitterly, it was of course received with great enthusiasm by the slaves whom it set free, and by all their friends at the North.

In the autumn of that same year, President Lincoln gave an address on the battle-field at Gettysburg (Pennsylvania), which has ever since been regarded as one of the most eloquent ever made in America. The occasion of the address was the dedication of the national cemetery, and its conclusion was as follows: "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Although not a soldier, the President had proved himself a very brave man. For instance, when the city of Richmond had surrendered to General Grant, the President was in the vicinity, and went at once to show himself in public in the city, as it had been the capital of the Confederate government. Com-

monly in wars between nations, when the head of one nation after the war enters the capital of another nation as a conqueror, he goes with great display, making the occasion as grand as possible.

In this case, however, President Lincoln entered the city as quietly as possible. He had been cautioned against doing it at all. When he decided to go, he telegraphed to the Secretary of War at Washington, "I am about to enter Richmond." The Secretary telegraphed back at once, "Do not imperil your life in that way." The next morning the President telegraphed again: "I received your despatch, yesterday. Went to Richmond and returned this morning." The fact was that he had gone in publicly, but without making a show of military triumph, and so carried his point without stirring up the people at Richmond to any rash act of violence.

On the 14th of April, 1865, came the anniversary of the surrender of Fort Sumter, just four years before, and arrangements had been made for hoisting the United States flag in its former place. There was to be a celebration at Ford's Theatre in Washington in the evening, and President Lincoln, General Grant, and others were present. When the President entered there was great enthusiasm, and then the performance of the evening went on. But after about an hour the crack of a pistol was heard, and a man leaped from the President's private box to the stage, shouting, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" (So

may it ever be with tyrants!) Somebody called out the name of the man, John Wilkes Booth, but he had disappeared. Mr. Lincoln had been shot through the back of the head by the assassin, and died early the following morning, April 15, 1865.

The whole nation was filled with mourning. The body was borne in a funeral car from Washington to Indianapolis amid signs of grief everywhere. The people of the towns and villages along the way gathered at the railway stations with signs of mourning, and with tolling bells.

Many remembered that the President had said, while on his way to Washington, four years before, that the country must be saved on the principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence, and he had added, "Now, my friends, can this country be saved on this basis? If it can, I shall consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. . . . But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on the spot." Though he was assassinated, his fervent wish was fulfilled.

in sti tu'tion, an established order, method, or custom.

Cat'e chism, a book of questions and answers about religious subjects.

en thu'si asm, strong feeling in behalf of some cause.

am mu ni'tion, powder, shot, shells, etc.

el'o quent, expressing strong feeling in a powerful way.

an ni ver'sa ry, a day celebrated every year.

ded i ca'tion, the act of setting apart for a sacred use.

as sas'si nate, to kill by surprise; to murder.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Statue by St. Gaudens, in Lincoln Park, Chicago.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

SHYLOCK, the Jew, lived at Venice: he was an usurer, who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man, exacted the payment of the money he lent with such severity that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice. Shylock hated Antonio as much, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent. Therefore there was great enmity between this covetous Jew and the generous merchant Antonio.

Antonio was the kindest man that lived, the best conditioned, and had the most unwearied spirit in doing courtesies. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who, having but a small patrimony, had nearly exhausted this little fortune by living in too expensive a manner for his slender means. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him. It seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.

One day Bassanio came to Antonio, and told him that he wished to repair his fortune by a wealthy

marriage with a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father, that was lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate ; but not having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the lover of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many favors he had shown him by lending him three thousand ducats.

Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend. But as he expected soon to have ships come home laden with merchandise, he said he would go to Shylock, the rich money-lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships.

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked the Jew to lend him three thousand ducats upon any interest he should require, to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea. On this, Shylock thought within himself : —

“If I can catch him once upon the hip
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him !”

Antonio, finding he was musing within himself and did not answer, and being impatient for the money, said, “Shylock, do you hear? will you lend the money?” To this question the Jew replied : —

"Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my money and my usances :
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help :
Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say
'Shylock, we would have moneys' : you say so ;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold : moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you ? Should I not say
'Hath a dog money ? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?' Or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this ;
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurn'd me such a day ; another time
You call'd me dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys' ?

Antonio. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends ; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend ?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shylock. Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me :
This is kind I offer.

Bassanio. This were kindness.

Shylock. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Antonio. Content, i' faith : I'll seal to such a bond
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bassanio. You shall not seal to such a bond for me :
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Antonio. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it.
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shylock. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,

To buy his favor, I extend this friendship :
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
Antonio. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shylock. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you."

At last, against the advice of Bassanio, who, notwithstanding all the Jew had said of his kind intentions, did not like his friend to run the hazard of this shocking penalty for his sake, Antonio signed the bond, thinking it really was (as the Jew said) merely in sport.

The rich heiress that Bassanio wished to marry lived near Venice, at a place called Belmont: her name was Portia. Bassanio, being so kindly supplied with money by his friend Antonio at the hazard of his life, set out for Belmont with a splendid train, and attended by a gentleman of the name of Gratiano. Bassanio proved successful in his suit, and Portia in a short time consented to accept him for a husband.

Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no fortune, and that his high birth and noble ancestry was all that he could boast of. She, who loved him for his worthy qualities, and had riches enough not to

regard wealth in a husband, answered with a graceful modesty: —

“ Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted : but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o’er myself ; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord : I give them with this ring.”

Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder at the gracious manner in which the rich and noble Portia accepted a man of his humble fortunes, that he could not express his joy and reverence to the dear lady who so honored him, by anything but broken words of love and thankfulness ; and taking the ring he vowed never to part with it.

Gratiano and Nerissa, Portia’s waiting-maid, were in attendance upon their lord and lady, when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of Bassanio. Gratiano, wishing Bassanio and the generous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time.

“ With all my heart, Gratiano,” said Bassanio, “ if you can get a wife.”

Gratiano then said that he loved the lady Portia’s fair waiting gentlewoman Nerissa, and that she had promised to be his wife if her lady married Bassanio. Portia asked Nerissa if this was true. Nerissa replied, “ Madam, it is so, if you approve of it.” Portia

willingly consented, while Bassanio pleasantly said, "Then our wedding-feast shall be much honored by your marriage, Gratiano."

The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio's letter, Portia feared it told him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale; and when she inquired what was the news which had so distressed him, he said, "O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper: gentle lady, when I first imparted my love to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had ran in my veins; but I should have told that I had less than nothing, being in debt."

Bassanio then told Portia what has been here related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio and of Antonio's procuring it of Shylock the Jew, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day: and then Bassanio read Antonio's letter, the words of which were:—

"Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since, in paying, it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

"O my dear love," said Portia, "despatch all business, and be gone; you shall have gold to pay the

money twenty times over, before this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault ; and as you are so dearly bought, I will dearly love you."

Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money. They were married that same day, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa. Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison.

The day of payment being past, the cruel Jew would not accept the money which Bassanio offered him, but insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. A day was appointed to try this shocking cause before the duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

When Portia parted with her husband, she spoke cheeringly to him, and bade him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned. Yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio, and when she was left alone, she began to think and consider within herself, if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend. Being now called forth into action by the peril of her honored husband's friend, she did not doubt her own powers, and by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment, at once resolved to go herself to Venice, and speak in Antonio's defence.

Portia had a relation who was a counsellor in the law. To this gentleman, whose name was Bellario, she wrote, and stating the case to him, desired his opinion, and prayed that with his advice he would also send her the dress worn by a counsellor. When the messenger returned, he brought from Bellario letters of advice how to proceed, and also everything necessary for her equipment.

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and putting on the robes of a counsellor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk. They set out immediately and arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The cause was just about to be heard before the duke in the senate house, when Portia entered this high court of justice, and presented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned counsellor wrote to the duke, saying, that he would have come himself to plead for Antonio, but that he was prevented by sickness. He requested that the learned young doctor Balthasar (so he called Portia) might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the duke granted, wondering much at the youthful appearance of the stranger, who was prettily disguised by her counsellor's robes and her large wig.

And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and saw the merciless Jew; and she saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in gave this tender lady courage. First of all she addressed herself to Shylock; and allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of *mercy*, that any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's would have been softened; saying:—

“The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.”

Shylock answered her only by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond.

“Is he not able to pay the money?” asked Portia.

Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire. But Shylock refused, and still insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. Bassanio begged the learned young counsellor to endeavor to wrest the law a little, to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock, hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, thought that she was pleading in his favor, and he said, "A Daniel is come to judgment! O wise young judge, how I do honor you! How much elder are you than your looks!"

Portia now desired Shylock to let her look at the bond; and when she had read it, she said, "This bond is forfeited, and by this the Jew may lawfully claim a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest Antonio's heart." Then she said to Shylock, "Be merciful: take the money, and bid me tear the bond." But the cruel Shylock would show no mercy; and he said, "By my soul I swear, there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me."

"Why, then, Antonio," said Portia, "you must prepare your bosom for the knife." While Shylock was sharpening a long knife with great eagerness to cut off the pound of flesh, Portia said to Antonio, "Have you anything to say?" Antonio with a calm resignation replied that he had but little to say, for he had prepared his mind for



PORTIA AND SHYLOCK

death. Then he said to Bassanio, "Give me your hand, Bassanio! Fare you well! Grieve not that I am fallen into this misfortune for you. Commend me to your honorable wife, and tell her how I have loved you!"

Bassanio in the deepest affliction replied, "Antonio, I am married to a wife, who is as dear to me as life itself; but life itself, my wife, and all the world, are not esteemed with me above your life: I would lose all, I would sacrifice all to this devil here, to deliver you."

Portia heard this, and though the kind-hearted lady was not at all offended with her husband for expressing the love he owed to so true a friend as Antonio in these strong terms, yet she could not help answering, "Your wife would give you little thanks, if she were present, to hear you make this offer."

And then Gratiano, who loved to copy what his lord did, thought he must make a speech like Bassanio's; and Nerissa, who was writing in her clerk's dress by the side of Portia, heard him say: "I have a wife, whom I protest I love; I wish she were in heaven, if she could but entreat some power there to change the cruel temper of this curish Jew." "It is well you wish this behind her back, else you would have but an unquiet house," said Nerissa.

Shylock now cried out impatiently, "We trifle time; I pray pronounce the sentence." And now

all was awful expectation in the court, and every heart was full of grief for Antonio.

Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh; and she said to the Jew, "Shylock, you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death." Shylock, whose whole intent was that Antonio should bleed to death, said, "It is not so named in the bond." Portia replied, "It is not so named in the bond, but what of that? It were good you did so much for charity." To this all the answer Shylock would make was, "I cannot find it; it is not in the bond."

"Then," said Portia, "a pound of Antonio's flesh is thine. The law allows it, and the court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast. The law allows it, and the court awards it." Again Shylock exclaimed, "O wise and upright judge! A Daniel is come to judgment!" And then he sharpened his long knife again, and looking eagerly on Antonio, he said, "Come, prepare!"

"Tarry a little, Jew," said Portia; "there is something else. This bond here gives you no drop of blood; the words expressly are, 'a pound of flesh.' If in the cutting off the pound of flesh you shed one drop of Christian blood, your lands and goods are by the law to be confiscated to the state of Venice."

Now as it was utterly impossible for Shylock to cut off the pound of flesh without shedding some of

Antonio's blood, this wise discovery of Portia's, that it was flesh and not blood that was named in the bond, saved the life of Antonio. Every one admired the wonderful sagacity of the young counsellor, who had so happily thought of this expedient, and plaudits resounded from every part of the senate house. Gratiano exclaimed, in the words which Shylock had used, "O wise and upright judge! mark, Jew, a Daniel has come to judgment!"

Shylock, finding himself defeated in his cruel intent, said with a disappointed look, that he would take the money; and Bassanio, rejoiced beyond measure at Antonio's unexpected deliverance, cried out, "Here is the money!" But Portia stopped him, saying, "Softly; there is no haste; the Jew shall have nothing but the penalty: therefore prepare, Shylock, to cut off the flesh; but mind you shed no blood: nor do not cut off more nor less than just a pound; be it more or less by one poor scruple, nay if the scale turn but by the weight of a single hair, you are condemned by the laws of Venice to die, and all your wealth is forfeited to the senate."

"Give me my money, and let me go," said Shylock. "I have it ready," said Bassanio: "here it is."

Shylock was going to take the money, when Portia again stopped him, saying, "Tarry, Jew; I have yet another hold upon you. By the laws of Venice, your wealth is forfeited to the state; for

having conspired against the life of one of its citizens, and your life lies at the mercy of the duke; therefore, down on your knees, and ask him to pardon you."

The duke then said to Shylock, "That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it; half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the state."

The generous Antonio then said that he would give up his share of Shylock's wealth, if Shylock would sign a deed to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband. For Antonio knew that the Jew had an only daughter who had lately married against his consent to a young Christian, named Lorenzo, a friend of Antonio's, which had so offended Shylock that he had disinherited her.

The Jew agreed to this: and being thus disappointed in his revenge, and despoiled of his riches, he said, "I am ill. Let me go home; send the deed after me, and I will sign over half my riches to my daughter." "Get thee gone, then," said the duke, "and sign it; and if you repent your cruelty and turn Christian, the state will forgive you the fine of the other half of your riches."

The duke now released Antonio, and dismissed the court. He then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young counsellor, and invited him home to dinner. Portia, who meant to return to

Belmont before her husband, replied, "I humbly thank your grace, but I must away directly." The duke said he was sorry he had not leisure to stay and dine with him; and turning to Antonio, he added, "Reward this gentleman; for in my mind you are much indebted to him."

The duke and his senators left the court; and then Bassanio said to Portia, "Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend Antonio have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of grievous penalties, and I beg you will accept of the three thousand ducats due unto the Jew." "And we shall stand indebted to you over and above," said Antonio, "in love and service evermore."

Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money; but as Bassanio still pressed her to accept some reward, she said, "Give me your gloves; I will wear them for your sake." When Bassanio took off his gloves, she espied the ring which she had given him upon his finger. Now it was the ring which the wily lady wanted to get from him, to make a merry jest when she saw her Bassanio again, that made her ask him for his gloves. So when she saw the ring, she said, "and for your love I will take this ring from you."

Bassanio was sadly distressed that the counsellor should ask him for the only thing he could not part with. He replied in great confusion, that he could not give him that ring, because it was his wife's gift,

and he had vowed never to part with it; but that he would give him the most valuable ring in Venice, and find it out by proclamation. On this Portia affected to be affronted, and left the court, saying, "You teach me, sir, how a beggar should be answered."

"Dear Bassanio," said Antonio, "let him have the ring; let my love and the great service he has done for me be valued against your wife's displeasure." Bassanio, ashamed to appear so ungrateful, yielded, and sent Gratiano after Portia with the ring. Then the *clerk* Nerissa, who had also given Gratiano a ring, she begged his ring, and Gratiano (not choosing to be outdone in generosity by his lord) gave it to her. And there was laughing among these ladies to think, when they got home, how they would tax their husbands with giving away their rings, and swear that they had given them as a present to some woman.

Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness of having performed a good action. Her cheerful spirits enjoyed everything she saw: the moon never seemed to shine so bright before; and when that pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light which she saw from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed fancy, and she said to Nerissa, "That light we see is burning in my hall; how far that little candle throws its beams;

so shines a good deed in a naughty world!" Hearing the sound of music from her house, she said "Methinks that music sounds much sweeter than by day."

And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and dressing themselves in their own apparel, they awaited the arrival of their husbands, who soon followed them with Antonio. Bassanio presented his dear friend to the lady Portia, whose congratulations and welcomings were hardly over, when they perceived Nerissa and her husband quarrelling in a corner of the room. "A quarrel already?" said Portia. "What is the matter?" Gratiano replied, "Lady, it is about a paltry gilt ring that Nerissa gave me, with words upon it like the poetry on a cutler's knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*"

"What does the poetry or the value of the ring signify?" said Nerissa. "You swore to me when I gave it to you, that you would keep it till the hour of death; and now you say you gave it to the lawyer's clerk. I know you gave it to a woman."

"By this hand," replied Gratiano, "I gave it to a youth, a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy, no higher than yourself. He was clerk to the young counsellor that by his wise pleading saved Antonio's life. This prating boy begged it for a fee, and I could not for my life deny him." Portia said, "You were to blame, Gratiano, to part with your wife's first gift. I gave

my lord Bassanio a ring, and I am sure he would not part with it for all the world." Gratiano, in excuse for his fault, now said, "My lord Bassanio gave his ring away to the counsellor, and then the boy, his clerk, that took some pains in writing, begged my ring."

Portia, hearing this, seemed very angry, and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring. She said that Nerissa had taught her what to believe, and that she knew some woman had the ring. Bassanio was very unhappy to have so offended his dear lady, and he said with great earnestness, "No, by my honor, no woman had it, but a civil doctor, who refused three thousand ducats of me, and begged the ring, and when I denied him, he went away displeased. What could I do, sweet Portia? I was so beset with shame for my seeming ingratitude, that I was forced to send the ring after him. Pardon me, good lady; had you been there, I think you would have begged the ring of me to give the worthy doctor."

"Ah!" said Antonio, "I am the unhappy cause of these quarrels."

Portia bid Antonio not to grieve at that, for he was welcome notwithstanding; and Antonio said, "I once did lend my body for Bassanio's sake; and but for him to whom your husband gave the ring, I should have now been dead. I dare be bound again, my soul upon the forfeit, your lord

will never more break his faith with you." "Then you shall be his surety," said Portia; "give him this ring, and bid him keep it better than the other."

When Bassanio looked at this ring, he was strangely surprised to find it the same that he gave away. Then Portia told him how she was the young counsellor, and Nerissa was her clerk; and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and delight, that it was by the noble courage and wisdom of his wife that Antonio's life was saved.

And Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters which by some chance had fallen into her hands. These contained an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, but which had safely arrived in the harbor. So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued; and there was leisure to laugh at the comical adventure of the rings, and the husbands who did not know their own wives.

u'surer, a money lender who demands more interest than is right.

a massed', collected, heaped up.

duc'at, a coin either of gold or silver, common to several countries of Europe. The gold ducat is worth about two dollars.

u'sance, interest money.

gab er dine', a coarse, loose upper garment.

doit, a trifle; any small piece of money.

no'ta ry, a public officer.

es'tim a ble, worthy of regard.

ar'du ous, difficult.

tem'po ral, belonging to this world.

res ig na'tion, quiet submission.

con'fis ca ted, seized for public use.

sa gac'i ty, keen wisdom.

ex pe'di ent, means to accomplish a purpose.

scru'ple, a weight of the twenty-fourth part of an ounce.

af front'ed, offended.

scrub'bed, dwarfed.

THE RISING IN 1776

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkeley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!

Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom ;
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume ;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came ; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care ;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
Then soon he rose ; the prayer was strong ;
The psalm was warrior David's song ;
The text, a few short words of might, —
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured ;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher ;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir ;

When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo ! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause, —
When Berkeley cried, " Cease, traitor ! cease !
God's temple is the house of peace ! "

The other shouted, " Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause ;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers,

That frown upon the tyrant foe ;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray ! "

And now before the open door —

The warrior priest had ordered so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er

Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life ;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,

The great bell swung as ne'er before :
It seemed as it would never cease ;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, " WAR ! WAR ! WAR ! "

"Who dares" — this was the patriot's cry,
 As striding from the desk he came —
 "Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
 For her to live, for her to die?"
 A hundred hands flung up reply,
 A hundred voices answered, "I!"

bo're al light, the light of the aurora	Forgot her old baptismal name.
borealis, seen in the north on	What does Concord mean?
winter nights; bo're al, northern.	re ver'ber ate, to reëcho.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ (1822-1872) was a portrait-painter by profession, but published several volumes of poems, among which are many of decided merit.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

HENRY WARD BEECHER

THIS nation has a banner, and wherever it has streamed abroad, men have seen daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men have rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving

together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and beams of many colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no rampant lion and no fierce eagle; they see the symbols of light. It is the Banner of Dawn; it means *Liberty*.

Consider the men who devised and set forth this banner; they were men that had taken their lives in their hands, and consecrated all their worldly possessions—for what? For the doctrine, and for the personal fact, of liberty,—for the right of all men to liberty.

If any one, then, asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him,—it means just what Concord and Lexington meant; what Bunker Hill meant; which was, in short, the rising up of a valiant young people against an old tyranny to establish the most momentous doctrine that the world had ever known, or has since known,—the right of men to their own selves and to their liberties.

The history of this banner is all on the side of liberty. Under it, rode Washington and his armies; before it, Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away, by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over the soldiers' heads at Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of this nation. And when the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington, while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

How glorious, then, has been its origin! How glorious has been its history! How divine its meaning! In all the world is there another banner that carries such hope, such grandeur of spirit, such soul-inspiring truth, as our dear old American flag? Made by liberty, made for liberty, nourished in its spirit, carried in its service, and never, not once in all the earth, made to stoop to despotism!

Accept it, then, in its fulness of meaning. It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the government. It is the free people that stand *in* the government, *on* the Constitution. Forget not what it means; and for the sake of its meaning, be true to your country's flag.

Let us, then, twine each thread of the glorious tissues of our country's flag about our heartstrings; and, looking upon our homes and catching the spirit

that breathes upon us from the battle-fields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the stars and stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas, and amid the solitude of every sea; and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves.

ef ful'gent, shining brightly; splendid.
ram'pant, raging.

mo men'tous, of great importance.

em bla'zon ry, decorations, as figures
on shields, standards, etc.

Bur goyne', an English general who
surrendered to the American army
at Saratoga, October 17, 1777.

Mon te zu'mas, emperors of Mexico.
be nef'i cent, kindly, charitable.

HENRY WARD BEECHER (1813-1887) was a noted American clergyman, author, and orator.

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

JOHN B. GOUGH

WHAT is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in the minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle.

It is the minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. You will find that each generation has been always busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history.

Minority! if a man stand up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government; if he stand for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire, — let him remember that wherever the right and truth are, there are always "troops of beautiful, tall angels" gathering round him, and God himself stands within the dim future, and keeps watch over his own.

If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lips be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all they that are against him!

vin'di cat ed, defended, justified.

| ob'lo quy, reproach; blame.

JOHN B. GOUGH (1817-1886) was born in England. He came to America in 1829. After years of intemperance, he became greatly interested in temperance reform. He was the most popular lecturer of his time.

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